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AARON M. POWELL, *Editor.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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FROM VIRGINIA.

EXTRACT OF LETTERS FROM MISS PUTNAM TO MISS HOLLEY.

LOTTSBURG, Va., December 18th, 1869.

THIS has been a day of unexampled leisure, a down-pouring rain has had the effect to keep every soul aloof. Nobody has entered our doors but James Butler, whose perseverance took him to the Wanaset to get his pay, still due from "Springfield," and he has vainly looked for it to come from the absconding late half-owner of the great place. That is the way a poor colored man is served here. James Butler's call was seasonable, for our wood had vanished to the last stick. He cut some, and we gave him part of our breakfast. I shall always take an interest in him, as his blue eyes and soft brown curling hair and anxious face appealed to us first of all our scholars, and he has been true and constant ever since. The wind is so strong, I think of that line—

"Ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar."

The storm that began easterly blows around stiff and cold from the west. I got a paper from Loudon County, Va., with all my letter to Aaron Powell copied from THE STANDARD, and the one to the *Tribune* included, due credit given. The Editor is Mr. Downey, the author of the Republican address to Congress, evidently a Radical, unterrified yet. Though, as Mr. N.—— said, he was one who reported it useless to protest against the admission of the State as it was all determined on at Washington; and advised their convention to change front as Butler and Sumner and Boutwell and all were going for the admission of Virginia, and ask for *guarantees*, which I don't see how any future *Legislature* is going to be bound by, and this one can't be trusted. But I believe, spite of everything, this year's work has been richly worth doing, if the school had to be stopped now. No words can tell what light will be put out with the school, as old Nelson Diggs told you—"We has got more enlightenment since you came, with all your lectures, speeches, school, and meetings, than in all generations past." I have just read the President's message. It is a shame to call the country at peace, when the Secretary of War, Sherman, is calling for more troops and says to withdraw them from some of the Southern States is to leave them to anarchy.

One of the pleasant afternoons last week, Mary Ann Johnson asked Miss T—— home with her. She came back pleased with the talk and spirit of the visit, though she wondered how they could live with the damp ground under their feet,—said, when it rains "they must be all afloat in their poor cabin." I wish there was some opening for me to buy a tract of land and cut it up for these poor landless people. Miss T—— said "Mr. and Mrs. Johnson want to know when Miss Holley is coming back, and talked of it as if it was going to be their salvation, as all the rest of the people do."

The *Richmond Enquirer* says it will be funny, very funny, to see a Virginia gentleman and *Butler* bandying compliments. I didn't expect to read the next thing in the *Tribune*, that Butler told the Virginia Committee of the Legislature he was "always ready to accept the pledge of a Virginia gentleman" (Lee's oath, for instance, to the U. S. Constitution). What a farce the Republicans are acting! to save their next *Candidate*, I suppose. Pretending to believe Virginia ought to come in, because *Grant* has got it all fixed so, and they don't want to oppose him, while privately they hold to the probability of another war, as Gen. Butler wrote. Miss T—— has read Frederick Douglass' life to the people.

Leroy Thompson, John Carter, James Butler, Philip Parker and Mr. Middleton and the rest looked all alive with interest, nodding back and forth, as the story touched the chords of a common experience. When Aunt Katy's cruel threat to "starve the life out of him" was read, and how she cut off slices of bread for the other children's suppers and didn't give Frederick any, Mr. Middleton said, "He's travelled the road of all orphan children!"

A white man came in for his mail, and took a good look at everybody here. A white woman told me how Mr. C—— twitted her husband of coming here once to meeting. Every means will be taken by the old rebels to destroy our influence.

December 22nd, *Forefather's Day.*—The news to-day in the *Richmond Whig* is comforting. Virginia hadn't got in. "The tide was lost, and then another and another the *Whig* complains!" All shows how confident they were, and eager. I read in a Boston paper, a synopsis of Mr. Phillips' fiery lava hot speech, in which he closes with such an eloquent compliment to Mr. Sumner, exhorting the people to stand by their Senator, "hold up the hands of your Senator, the greatest Senator under the Stars and Stripes." Grant is reported to have said if he had known how it was here in Virginia, he would not have recommended the admission—*he ought* to have known!

We have a civil mail boy now, whose education must proceed as he stands by the James' Patent, warming and listening to the Geography lessons, etc., while I look over the mail. The children are learning nicely, and I am continually astonished at their progress. Such pretty little letters and compositions. No shrugging up their shoulders and declaring, "I can't write a composition," as Northern children do.

Sweet potatoes were almost all spoiled by freezing October weather. People have had to throw them away. So, poor Glasgow Smith who pays $30 for his *acre*, and only had sweet potatoes on it, will fail to get much more than his rent money. He is one who wants to sail a vessel. And Samuel Bailey, ("no better skipper in these waters") has not got a vessel yet. They say the white people won't let them know of any chance to buy one. Try in every way to keep them down, wouldn't give a license "to oyster" without $500, bail thinking black men couldn't *get bail* and then white men would have it all to themselves. I do hope Congress is coming to its senses about Virginia!

December 25th.

Christmas day is made wonderfully brightened by the report in the *Richmond Whig* that Charles Sumner put a stop to the hurried admission of Virginia, which was eagerly prophesied to be done before the holidays. Oh! it was glorious to read how firm and commanding he was about it! Then *The Enquirer* had a column, "Gen. Butler Mad," ending with the advice to "disregard and defy" Congress! *The Enquirer* says some indiscreet Virginian swore about Butler on the steamboat coming to Acquia Creek after the interview with Butler and the Reconstruction Committee, "dancing his fingers on his nose at him, hardly out of the ante-room." This was reported to Butler and now, *he* won't let Virginia in! So, you see Virginians have rather a glum holiday.

LETTER FROM MISS PUTNAM TO GEN. BUTLER.

LOTTSBURG, Northumberland Co., Va.,
January 4th, 1869.

GEN. BUTLER—*Dear Sir*:—We thank you with overflowing joy, for keeping Virginia out till after the holiday recess.

The relief from the danger that seemed so imminent, has been inexpressibly great; and the breathing space allotted us, has but confirmed our solemn conviction that this still shamefully disloyal people should be kept from the control of public affairs till the tyranny of the old slave-holding Caste is *broken*, over both whites and blacks, by the crumbling up of their landed estates, which would be effected by a just taxation of *land* for the great needs of *Education*.

Let the *General Government* do this, and give absolute protection to loyal immigrants from the North, and to white and black Virginians already here, and in *five years* I believe we can reconstruct the State with our Free Schools alone, and build up a community that will change *Virginia* from a disgrace to an honor to the Union. It seems a small favor to ask of an *Honorable Government* that it should shield us, its loyal citizens, from *its own foes!* It will be a cruel experiment, yes *martyrdom* to us, (Freedmen's Teachers), to admit the State now, under any conditions whatever.

We pray you not to listen to *Wells* or any office seekers, who have already put us in such peril by their selfish concessions to the wishes of the Administration. You can learn the temper of Virginia by looking over files of the Richmond papers since the election, also *Walker's* speeches. Respectfully yours, CAROLINE F. PUTNAM.

LIFE AMONG THE INDIANS.

Report of the Joint Delegation appointed by the Committees on the Indian Concern, of the Yearly Meetings of Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, respectively, to visit the Indians under the care of Friends, in the Northern Superintendency, State of Nebraska, Seventh and Eighth months, 1869.

THE SANTEE SIOUX.

FROM the Otoe Agency we returned by way of Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, and Nebraska city to Omaha city, and there took an ambulance and two horses, and set out for the Santee Sioux Agency, two hundred miles up the Missouri river. We passed through the Omaha and Winnebago Agencies, calling a short time at each, but deferring our official visit till our return. At Dakota city we were joined by our valued Superintendent, who came by railroad to Sioux city, five miles distant.

A stranger kindly pointed out to us a high bluff on the Missouri river, about a mile or so distant, called "Floyd's Bluff," named by Lewis and Clarke, after Sergeant Charles Floyd, whom they buried there on the twentieth of eighth month, 1804, marking the place of his interment by a cedar post, on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed. His grave became much broken, and the people of Sioux city a few years ago, generously built it up again respectably.

The bluffs among which our road lay after getting some distance beyond Dakota city, presented a most beautiful picturesque scene, like diversified undulating mountain ridges; one appearing behind another in every variety of shape and position, like miniature mountains, as they unquestionably are, geologically. These multiplied ranges of dwarf mountains, with the blue mists that envelop them, and all their interesting features of light and shade, would make most beautiful pictures from a thousand standpoints, for there seemed no end to their variety and beauty. Sometimes our road lay on the "river bottoms," through forests of cotton wood, with some black walnut, elm, ash, etc., and the undergrowth interspersed with wild plums, small grapes and hazel nuts, in such quantities as we never before heard or conceived of,—barrels on barrels of them. The cotton wood tree grows large, and in general appearance is some like the sycamore or button wood, but the stem of the leaf is flat, vertically, like the aspen, and the leaf itself is in appearance between that of the aspen and Lombardy poplar.

A large rattlesnake crossed our road just before the carriage. An earnest effort was made by some of our party to capture *him* and his *rattles*, but it was happily unsuccessful. There was sufficient room on those wide praries for us all, and there is no doubt he has his use, as well as we, in the economy of nature.

At St. Helena, about forty miles below Santee Agency, on the banks of the Missouri, is the "Chalk Cliff," an object of great interest and curiosity. The Cliff is some sixty feet in a *perpendicular face*, according to our estimate—the base being about forty feet above the level of the river, which is about one hundred feet distant from the base. The Chalk vein appeared to be eight or ten feet in thickness, resting upon a harder limestone, and then a stratum of slate, but we could not get to them to examine them minutely. We all procured specimens. The chalk is not quite as white as the English chalk, but it appears to be as soft and marks well. We believe no real chalk has ever before been found in the United States, and the absence of *flint*, in this, as far as we could discover, and other associated minerals of chalk, leads us to hesitate in pronouncing this to be the genuine article, although it is so regarded at the locality. We wished for more time to give it a careful examination.

After five days continuous hard travel, making two hundred miles, we arrived at the Agency of the Santee Sioux, all safe and well, including the horses. Asa M. Janney, the Agent, and his family were well, bright and cheerful, well satisfied with their Agency, their Indians, and all their surroundings. These Indians are generally dressed in "citizen's clothing," willing to work beyond the employment the Agent can furnish them with, have comfortable log houses, with windows, etc., and appear to be advancing rapidly towards civilization.

We held a council with the Indians on the seventh, which was largely attended, but partially interrupted by a distressing incident. While the head chief was speaking, a wild scream was heard from a woman outside the council house, when there was a general rush from the council chamber, with countenances evidencing the greatest variety of emotions, and it was soon ascertained that an ox belonging to the Episcopal Mission, had badly gored an Indian woman. It was thought, however, she would recover. The Indians collected again in council, and all proceeded and terminated satisfactorily.

These poor people have been so greatly deceived for many, many years, by false professions, and unfulfilled promises from the whites, and even from the Government, that the time does not seem to have arrived for them to feel confidence in the assurances we make them. We thought we could see this in their countenances in council, while the Superintendent and we were addressing them, and professing feelings of kindness and affection, which was true on our part. Their silent response of incredulity seemed to be like the slave to his master—"*you white man*—and from all *our* experience, white man is not to be trusted or believed."

What these Indians need as a preliminary to their confidence, are *reliably friendly acts*, in furnishing them with tools, means of sawing and hauling their timber, of which they have abundance, and building houses, to live in, which they greatly desire to do. We hope and trust better times are in store for them.

These Santee Sioux are the darkest, bravest, most Indian-looking people we have seen. We never saw or could have imagined such a set of countenances as were in council. We wished strongly for a photograph of them. Numbers, as is the case in most councils, sat on the floor. Some of these Indians are said to have been engaged in the horrible massacre in Minnesota in 1862.

Asa Janney is much encouraged with his undertaking, and the delegation were highly pleased with the progress he has made. His whole heart is devoted to the good work, and his wife and daughters co-operate with him cordially and earnestly in his engagement.

There are two Missions on this Reservation; a Presbyterian, which has been established with them over thirty years; and an Episcopalian more recently, under the charge of Samuel D. Hinman, whom we have known for several years as an earnest and devoted laborer for the Indians' interests and welfare, and they appear to be doing a great deal of good. Emily West is a faithful and efficient aid in the Mission works of the Episcopalians. Dr. Williamson, the Presbyterian Missionary, has translated the New Testament into their language, which they call the Dakotah, and also published some hymns in the same tongue. Many of the Indians can read these works in their own language but not in English. Their great object is, to teach them the "Christian Religion," and they entertain the belief that this can only be done in the native tongue or language of the Indians.

Edward and Mary Frances Pond are teachers of the Presbyterian Mission. There are three hundred and fifty Indians, they informed us, members of their congregation. Frances thinks "there should be but one kind of religion taught to the Indians, because the Indians cannot, or do not understand how it is that the whites do not agree about the religion to which they invite the Indians," in which view we concurred. She said, as was remarked by another missionary woman, that the Indians have no *spiritual* religion, an idea which we endeavored to correct, as on another occasion. She is a bright, intelligent, earnest, working, young woman.

We were much gratified with our visit to the "Sabbath School" of the Presbyterian Mission, taught by Edward and Frances Pond, in a "mud roofed" building, where the scholars sat on the earth floor, and in observing the sprightliness and success of the Indian children, and the confiding and affectionate intercourse between them and their teachers. Thus we see where the *inner life* is pure and active, it gilds with heavenly brightness the most obscure and humble surroundings.

We attended, by invitation, the religious exercises, at the Episcopal "chapel," which is a fine building, with stained glass windows, all of which were conducted by the Indians themselves in their own language, the Dakota. The officiating minister was dressed in a large flowing white surplice, with a broad belt obliquely across his breast, and was solemn and dignified throughout. Some two hundred Indians were present, most of whom joined in the singing and responses. A young Indian who is preparing for the ministry, preached the sermon, the officiating minister (Indian) appeared twice in supplication, and they sung hymns three times. At the close, all departed singly, very orderly and quiet, not a loud word being spoken. The whole proceedings were interesting and impressive, and calculated to do them good. From exercises so solemn and harmonious, they could not soon proceed to anything disorderly, immoral, or hurtful.

The Episcopal and Presbyterian Missions are about a mile and a half apart, and the Friends' Agency near midway between them, all working harmoniously and earnestly together for the elevation of the poor Indians from the depth of misery, wretchedness, and degradation to which they are so sorrowfully sunk! Thus do the wretched and afflicted draw true hearts nearer together in labors of love.

Asa M. Janney and family hold a meeting every First Day morning in their house; we all attended, the First Day morning we were there, and the meeting was very interesting and solemn. Asa spoke quite feelingly, and Samuel appeared in touching supplication, asking the protection and help of the Good Father in their arduous and responsible labors, and that these may be blessed and sanctified to the interesting objects of their care.

In the afternoon we held a meeting with the Indians, and there was a large, orderly, gathering of men, women, and children, and the meeting was a solemn one. What was said, except Samuel's supplication, was interpreted to the Indians, and they appeared as grave and orderly, as a body of elderly Friends. We supposed there were not less than three hundred Indians present, and some thirty or more white people, including all from both Missions; and all appeared to be satisfied. Wabasha, of whom Bishop Whipple has frequently spoken in his letters, was there. He is their head chief, and most eloquent orator. He was the first to speak in their council. The children, many of the women, and some of the men, sat on the floor, as we have frequently seen in other collections of them, and they seem to sit with an unusual ease and grace. They frequently sit in that way in their wigwams or tents, of which there are about one hundred on this Reservation, to over one thousand people.

These Indians once lived in Minnesota, and were banished to Crow creek, in Dakota Territory, after the massacre in 1862, when three hundred of their head men were imprisoned, eighty were condemned to be hung, and some thirty-eight executed. They have lost so many of their warriors, that there are amongst them a great many widows. They are evidently a powerful and fearless people, but seemed as calm and docile at the meeting, as little children.

We were kindly invited to take tea at the "Mission House," which is a large fine structure, with cupolo and tower, and is well arranged and furnished. It joins the "chapel." This invitation, which we felt to be a mark of kindness, attention, and respect, we cheerfully accepted, but regretted the absence of the principal, Samuel D. Hinman, and his wife. However, the care taken by Emily West and Wm. H. H. Koss, to add to our interest and enjoyment, and make us comfortable, diminished the feeling of privation.

On Third Day morning, eighth month, tenth, we bid farewell to our kind and valued friends at the Santee Agency, and set out on our return. The parting was serious and impressive, Lydia Janney and her daughters seeming to feel the loneliness of their condition more acutely, as the pleasant social and religious intercourse and communion, they had enjoyed for a few days, was about to terminate. But, with this feeling, were manifest patience and fortitude, proving that they had a source of true comfort left when we were all gone. Asa felt deeply also, particularly in parting from his beloved brother. But his countenance was calm and resigned, and the whole incident touching and instructive.

Having dwelt so fully upon the particulars attending our visit to this Mission, it will require less to be said about the remaining ones, for there is a great resemblance among all the Indians on the different Reservations, excepting in their languages.

THE WINNEBAGO AGENCY.

We arrived at the Winnebago Agency, of which Howard White is the Agent, on Sixth Day morning, eighth month thirteenth. We had an appointed meeting on our way down, at Dakota City, held in the only church in the place. It was quite largely attended, being the first Friends' meeting ever held there, and very orderly, and solemn, and, as far as we were made to understand, entirely satisfactory. Several persons, among whom were the pastor of the church and his wife, expressed themselves much gratified, so we trust no harm was done, at least, and the way opened for the holding of other Friends' meetings there, should a right concern be felt by any Friends o do so.

There are ninety-seven thousand acres of land in the Winnebago Reservation, and thirteen hundred and thirty-nine Indians.

In the afternoon, we held a satisfactory council with the Indians, which was a time of much interest. There were about two hundred Indians present. They are very large men, generally, with brave, independent, and noble countenances and carriage. The arrival of their new Colonel, the prospect of their receiving their annuity goods which are to be distributed to-morrow, and the company of the delegation of Friends', created a considerable stir on the Reservation, which seemed alive with Indians, walking, running, and galloping their ponies, across the prairie, in all directions.

These Indians are mostly willing to work for wages, and when they ask for work, they come, "dressed like white men," knowing the Agent will not employ them when "dressed in blankets."

From all we see and learn, we are fully convinced, that by proper means, all the Indians on the different Reservations, could readily be brought into habits of industry, so as to employ the powerful muscles they possess, in something useful and remunerative, and render the Indians, instead of being a tax to the Government, as at present, self-supporting, and ultimately producers of a surplus, and contributors to the country's support. This will necessarily be the work of some years; but it can and ought to be done, and a commencement in that direction should at once be made. An Indian inquired of us in council, "how can we break up our prairie, without teams? and how can we work our land, or build houses without tools? These have been *promised*, but not *supplied*."

The fact is, it is the want of *means* and *implements to do with*, accompanied by proper instruction and inducements, more than an unwillingness to labor, which is the great impediment to the Indian's progress.

In every council we have held with them, unfulfilled promises and treaty stipulations, and unsupplied, pressing wants, are the great burdens of which they complain. With these oppressing them and withheld by the whites, of whom they regard us as the representatives, but little opportunity is afforded us of influencing deeply their affectionate feelings, or higher nature. When they shall possess *practical evidences* of good faith towards them by supplying their actual necessities, and fulfilling the promises made them, for a sufficient length of time to give them confidence in the Government, its Agents, and the deputations who may visit them, then there will be an opportunity for more successful labor, and the inauguration of a widely different condition of things amongst them. And we are encouraged to believe this desirable end is in the way of being accomplished.

The Agent is ably assisted in his arduous duties by the physician, Dr. Joseph Paxson, who seems deeply interested in the care and welfare of the Indians. The buildings of this Agency are very good. The "Agency house" is a very comfortable, two story frame building, with four rooms on a floor; there is a well built substantial saw and grist mill, nearly new, a council house, farm house, miller's house, trader's house, and some other buildings, constituting a pleasant little village. Things, all together, appeared in better condition here, than at any of the other Agencies.

Sidney Averill, from Prophetstown, Illinois, has taken charge of the school, aided by an educated Indian, Bradford L. Porter, who understands both languages, and we have great confidence in their success.

On Seventh Day, the annuity goods were distributed from the mill, and it was a lively scene, and a very interesting and suggestive one. All the tribe appeared to be there, old and young, and fully painted and feathered, sitting about in groups, with their pipes and war accoutrements. Each "band" was called up separately, to receive their goods, and the goods distributed by the Superintendent and Agent, and their assistants, to each family according to its size. There are about four hundred and fifty families in all. The goods were of excellent quality, and the Indians much gratified to receive them, and to get all the "boxes, papers, and strings," in which they came, and with which they were wrapped and tied. This favor was highly valued.

There was a bright, lively, and most picturesque scene in the evening, after the distribution of the goods was completed. The "Agency House' where we were, is right between the mill where the Indians received the goods, and the two villages near the Missouri shore, some six miles distant, as well as their scattered tents, tepees, and lodges, so that the whole tribe—men, women, and children—who had been collected at the mill, with their ponies, and new goods, the goods sometimes on the back of a pony, and sometimes on that of a squaw, passed in a procession by us. The squaws seemed to have charge of all the goods, frequently with a papoosa in their arms, whether on foot, or riding a pony; frequently two women would be on the same pony, covering the little thing nearly all over; the men were on foot, on ponies, in wagons, with tomahawks, pipes, occasionally a war club, a sabre, battle axe, and their red and blue blankets, the procession extending for over three miles, and visible over the undulating prairie for about two miles, winding up the sides of the hills in the bright evening sunshine, and moving actively and cheerfully to their homes, in high good humor. It was a scene not soon to be forgotten. Nothing could have been more varied, picturesque, or novel. It reminded us of the pictures of some ancient caravans, or of the Israelites leaving Egypt, only with ponies substituted for camels.

These Indians are most of them very much dissatisfied with their present interpreter, a "half breed," and we thought and recommended to the Agent, that he should have regard to their wishes in this respect, it appearing to be their only ground of complaint, but a deep seated one.

On First Day morning, we attended, by invitation, the Sabbath School of Elizabeth Y. Hancock. Between 50 and 60 Indian scholars were present, who attend school through the week. A class was called, several of whom, we were told, did not know a letter last fall. They began to read at the fifth chapter of Matthew, reading alternate verses, right audibly, in intelligible English, but they *did not know the meaning of a single word they pronounced.* They have certainly made rapid progress, in their way. But the question arises, what advantage can such knowledge be *turned* to for them? This is the school which Sidney Averill now has charge of, and we hope for good results from his deep interest in the Indians' welfare.

From the school we went to meeting at ten o'clock, in the council house, about two miles distant. A number of Indians were collected, chiefs, braves, and others, and some thirty white people. It was a solemn, interesting, and apparently, an entirely satisfactory meeting. Dr. Shortlidge and Wm. Willetts of New York, came up the previous evening, from the Omaha Reservation, to attend it.

THE COLORED WORKING PEOPLE.

To the President and members of the National Labor Convention of Colored men assembled in Washington, D. C., December 6th, 1869,

THE undersigned, one of the "elected Delegates to represent the Colored working classes" of the City and County and State of New York, respectfully begs leave to report that, among the various branches of diversified labor, there are 3,500 colored seaman engaged in the mercantile marine service sailing to and from the port of New York. The aggregate amount of wages earned by these men is $1,260,000, per annum, which added to the wealth of the great Commercial *Entrepot* of the Union, indicates the importance and value attached to that class of workingmen to the community. There is now no invidious discrimination as to color, wages or grade of position, as in the days of slavery. They are amenable to the same laws, which alike govern all who are engaged in the mercantile marine service. They are self-supporting. The avenues to promotion are open to all who are qualified for the highest position. As navigators, all other things being equal, they can command first-class ships. One colored seaman (Captain George Brooks), has already received his certificate in the spring of 1867, as shipmaster, and sailed from the port of New York in command of a vessel manned entirely by colored seamen, bound to the coast of Africa, and one or more ports in Europe, where he delivered his vessel and cargo, in good condition to the entire satisfaction of the owners.

There is also an organization in the port of New York, incorporated April 15th, 1863, known as the American Seaman's Protective Union Association, with an accumulating capital.

There are several benevolent societies, and also several workingmen and women's protective unions, organized for mutual relief and protection. The oldest and most prominent of these, is the "New York African Society for Mutual Relief," founded in 1808, and chartered by the State of New York March 23d, 1810. This society has kept up its organization for near sixty-two consecutive years without intermission. All branches of skilled and unskilled laborers are members, viz., master builders, tailors, shoemakers, machinists, and blacksmiths, ship carpenters, painters, printers, notary public and commissioner, longshoremen, and common laborers. This society owns real estate valued at $40,000, and supports its sick and infirm members.

The Colored population of the State of New York is estimated at 60,000 viz.: New York, Suffolk, Queens and Richmond Counties, 27,000. In the other counties of the State 33,000. One-fifth of which, together with the 35,000 Colored seamen, would give us 15,500 Colored voters.

There are in the city of New York 50 engineers, 400 waiters, 7 basket makers, 32 tobaco twisters, 50 barbers, 22 cabinet makers and carpenters, 14 masons and brick-layers, 15 smelters and refiners, 2 rollers and 6 moulders, 500 longshoremen, and 24 printers.

The longshoremen and common laborers, are outnumbered by foreign competition; but as a general rule their service, as good honest laborers are preferred; and to a certain extent when business is brisk get their share of employment.

What we most need (next to a plenty of work) in New York, as well as in the Northern States, is the elective franchise. Figuratively speaking, it *lubricates* the corroded hinges upon which swings the portals of the temple of industry, comparatively closed against the Colored man's right to labor, and which can only be opened by the *Talismanic* word of two syllable, viz.: *The Ballot.* All of which I respectfully submit.

Wm. P. POWELL,
Delegate from New York.

THE QUESTION OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

THE demand for Woman Suffrage has, since the close of the late war, taken a new and more definite shape. That terrible event awakened many women to an understanding of the theory of self-government; and the energies that were called forth in the upholding of our free institutions necessarily find outlet now in this new field of battle—the establishment of woman's freedom. This is one of the immediate causes of the revival, on so grand a scale, of the Woman's Rights agitation, and of the definite and imperative demand, on the part of the agitators, for Woman Suffrage.

The "logic of events" has brought us to this point. The assertion in the immortal Declaration of Independence, that "Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed," has taken root among all classes in this Republic; and, as a consequence, only those men are disfranchised who are incompetent or unworthy to give their consent to be governed. Those under age, those bereft of intelligence, insane men, and those convicted of crime, are adjudged to be incapable or undeserving of exercising the rights of citizenship. All other men may express their will by the use of the ballot.* In this country, a man can be deprived of this right only by some alleged fault or folly of his own, and consequently to be disfranchised is a tremendous criticism or stigma of the public on the individual. Not only so, but the ballot is at once the symbol and guarantee of self-government, and the privilege of using this symbol is an endorsement by a great nation of the manhood and freedom of its sons.

Thus logically the question arises, By what rule are the daughters of the Republic deprived of this symbol and safeguard of self-government? Are they to be classed with the imbecile and insane? If not, what monstrous crime can be laid at their door which should deprive them of the recognition and rights that America grants to virtuous and intelligent freemen? Last evening I heard an eloquent black man lecture on "Charleston as it was and is." After twenty-three years of Northern life and work as a clergyman, he returned to the city of his birth and enslavement. There he met those whom he had remembered "in bonds, as bound with them," and found them restored to citizenship, and some of them were holding responsible and honorable public offices. "Then," said he, "I straitened up and felt myself a man. Here my head had been bent and my spirit depressed, for the right of suffrage was withheld from me, and *if you deny me the elective franchise you deny my manhood.*" It is easy for him who is guaranteed in the exercise of all the rights of citizenship to speak lightly of the ballot, and to wonder that it should be regarded of such value by the disfranchised; but he into whose soul the iron has entered knows full well the worth and power of that tiny, voiceless emblem of self-government that "executes the freeman's will, as lightning does the will of God."

It is not, therefore, an end but as a means that we ask the elective franchise for woman. It is at the threshold of her advancement. It is the first round of the ladder which she must climb by slow and toilsome steps in order to reach the "perfection and truthfulness of character" which "are the secret intentions of Nature." She needs to realize her dignity of soul by being placed on an equality with all who share the Divine Humanity, and to feel the pressure of the duties and responsibilities that lie in the track of freedom. She must learn the lesson known by the patriots of the Revolution, but which needed to be again burned into the consciousness of men by the awful tragedy of fratricidal war that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." Woman needs the education that the ballot brings, and the incitements to intelligent exertion that by means of self-government are brought to bear upon the free. Like man, she is placed here with the endowment of God-like faculties, but she needs, as he does, the weight of duty, the attrition of care and thought, the monitions of stern discipline, to give these faculties proper adjustment and activity. No agency should be withheld that would help her to live the largest, truest, noblest life of which she is capable, for she is so placed, in the economy of God, that upon her depends in great measure the weal or woe of individuals, nations and the world. As daughter, sister, wife, mother, she needs both the encouragement and protection which an understanding of the sublime principles of a free government, and a participation in its affairs, give to man. She is guardian of the family and the home. Let her not become less than this, but more. Let her clear intuitions be directed to the broader family and larger home which exists beyond her own fireside, and she will soon come to see that her pitying heart and tender hand are needed in the redemption of society and the rectification of government. The guardian of the home must become the guardian of the State, that larger home which needs to be adorned by the hand of woman with the beauty of holiness.

A loveless theology and a loveless government are both at variance with the principle of Good. In suns, and planets, and the drop of dew, the centripetal and centrifugal forces balance each other. In stars, and blossoms, and the grain of sand, the principal of polarity is found. Nowhere is there a rounded sphere without the positive and negative in equipoise; and never, through all the ages of coming time, will there be a rounded Republic, a righteous and happy nation, without wisdom and love, man and woman, at the centre and circumference of government.—*The Banner of Light.*

*Except several hundred thousands of colored men in the Border and Northern States.—EDITOR.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

NUMEROUS illustrations of indomitable energy of purpose, of noble deeds of self-sacrifice, and of persistent zeal in enterprises of acknowledged merit by representative women of the age, are fresh in the memory of many of the present generation. The highest standard of moral excellence has long since been assigned to woman, while many potent and liberal minds of the present day advance the theory that intellectually as well as morally woman is equal to man. Although naturally inclined to dependence for pecuniary support from admitted custom, and possessing a weaker physical organization, more the result of want of physical education, than any design of the Creator, thrown upon her own resources, she has been found equal to every emergency. Naturally shrinking from scenes of destitution and moral degradation, if her presence is absolutely demanded to alleviate suffering, however repulsive the task, she is ever ready to respond. Florence Nightingale, nursed upon the lap of luxury, with keen perceptions of duty towards suffering humanity, left her beautiful English home, surrounded by all the comforts of aristocratic life, and with a corps of well-trained nurses sought to alleviate the horrors of the Crimean war. Suffering in every degree of intensity, death in every form met her gaze. The groans of the wounded, the curses of degradation on the one hand, and the prayers of the dying on the other, did not intimidate this angel of love! With her own hands performing the most menial tasks, thank God! her high and holy calling was not desecrated by the insults of some ill-bred medical student. Numberless were the instances of heroic self-sacrifice among American women upon the Potomac and the Mississippi during the late rebellion. All their names may not be recorded upon the pages of history, yet the memory of their good deeds will never be erased from the hearts of their countrymen. It is not alone in a moral capacity that woman is found to succeed, but

with inferior advantages, intellectually she is scarcely excelled by man. Anna E. Dickinson, struggling through childhood with poverty, surrounded on every side by apparently insurmountable difficulties, through indefatigable energy in the pursuit of knowledge and strict adherence to principles of justice and right, gave the first impulse to the Emancipation Proclamation! In the darkest hour of the American Rebellion, when Gen. George B. McClellan, traitor or coward it matters not which, was quietly sojourning in desirable winter-quarters, while American soldiers were dying by thousands in the swamps of the Chickahominy, and the government almost paralized, did not dare to remove the recreant from position lest the act might prove unpopular, this noble girl, who was banished from the Mint by Gov. Pollock for active antagonism to Gen. McClellan, embraced this favorable opportunity to occupy the stage as a public lecturer. Time proved the justness of her condemnation, and through many vicissitudes of life she has steadily moved onward until in all America as an orator she stands pre-eminent. Thus as an educator of public sentiment woman has taken her place beside man. Harriet Beecher Stowe, by development of mental capacity; struck the first chord that vibrated in unison to American Independence when she penned her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," an intellectual labor exposing the horrors of American Slavery, and by a direct appeal to the conscience of the nation it formed the basis of the education of public sentiment which led to the success of the American Rebellion. Other women worked in the great cause, among whom the venerable Lucretia Mott, one of the purest women the sun ever shone upon, was conspicuous. When Church and State forbore to allude to the fearful evils of human slavery, her sweet, angelic voice uttered volumes in appeal for the down-trodden slave, and she passively endured the sneers of unpopularity even from members of her own religious sect, that every bond might be broken and the oppressed go free! The Woman's Rights movement, which is now agitating the land, although some may condemn the actions of the extremists of the cause, still they are compelled to admit that whatever doctrine is endorsed by such women as Lucretia Mott must be good! Woman's executive ability is happily illustrated in the lives of Queen Victoria of England and Eugenie, Empress of the French. Where can you point to an Emperor or King who rules with more perfect success, and whose public acts are more generally endorsed by the thinking masses than Queen Victoria's? It is true a number of her subjects are oppressed by cruel laws of taxation, but the American people should be cautious in condemning Victoria's administration, while Slavery in its worst form is existing in the Southern portion of this Republic. As long as negroes are hung without any provocation in broad daylight in the streets of Memphis, Tennessee, and as long as the elective franchise fails to protect Union men in many parts of the South, silence as regards England is America's best policy. The clearest indication of Eugenie, Empress of the French, possessing executive ability is that Napoleon conferred on her the title of Regent, during his absence in the Italian war. The perfect success with which she discharged the duties of her situation was endorsed by Napoleon on his return.

America furnishes no instance of woman's administrative ability in affairs of State, simply because the opportunity has not been afforded her. That this privilege will ultimately belong to both sexes is beyond a doubt. Those women who have achieved greatness in sculpture are few in numbers, and yet much honor is due to those few who have overcome the obstacles of prejudice. Harriet G. Hosmer is perhaps a fair type of women sculptors. Her "Zenobia" has been pronounced by critics to be equal to the noblest models of Grecian art. Her model of a monument to Abraham Lincoln is one of the grandest conceptions of genius. Earnest in the work, Miss Hosmer trusted not to servants to perform the manual labor, but with her own hands she shaped the masses of wet clay, while by the aid of the mallet and chisel, huge blocks of marble yielded to her designs. Inheriting a delicate constitution, her physical condition was permanently benefited by pursuance of this art. Thus furnishing another illustration of woman's capability of great physical endurance, with the proper development of muscle. As a painter, woman is fully able to compete with her brother. Even the most skeptical cannot gaze upon the magnificent painting of the "Horse Fair" by Rosa Bonheur, without his prejudices against woman as an artist, receiving a severe shock. The noble animals there represented, apparently almost starting from the canvas at the touch of the lash of their grooms, are the most life-like models modern genius has yet produced. Literature would lose many of its special attractions if woman did not figure conspicuously in the world of letters. Her sensitive and impressible organization is eminently adapted to the inspiration of the Muse. For her deficiency as a scientist the prevailing erroneous idea of her intellectual inferiority, and the consequent neglect of scientific education, is sufficient apology. In the drama we need only to recall such names as Adelaide Ristori and Parepa Rosa to elicit public approbation. Their names standing at the head of the list, furnish undeniable proof of the success of their profession. But it is impossible in a brief article to do justice to the sterling worth of the talented daughters of the age, yet these few examples may deter some otherwise prejudiced from forming too low an estimate of woman's intellectuality. The older we grow as a people the more potent woman's influence appears in the formation of character, and the more evident becomes the conviction that the established equality of the sexes is but a question of time.

L. J. L.

THE STANDARD FOR 1870.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1870.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting on Thursday, January 27th, at the Horticultural Hall, in Boston. The sessions will begin at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue throughout the day and evening.

The XVth Amendment, the attitude of Congress toward Reconstruction, the need of a National system of Education, if any State fail to establish one, the claim the Negro has to special protection, to land, and that the Nation furnish him, at the start, with the means of establishing himself on it, a house to shelter him, and tools to work with:—these are deeply interesting and vital topics. We trust all the old friends will rally and assist in the discussions.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, REV. JOHN T. SARGENT, AARON M. POWELL, COL. T. W. HIGGINSON, MARY GREW, Mrs. MARY A. LIVERMORE, and, it is hoped, WILLIAM CRAFT, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, STEPHEN S. FOSTER, and others, will be among the speakers.

JOHN T. SARGENT, President.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE, Secretary.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE Managers of the Thirty-Sixth Anti-Slavery Festival again remind the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society of the need there is that they should still contribute to sustain its operations, and especially to circulate its organ, THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

The experience of the last year eloquently justifies the policy of continuing its efforts to teach and mould public opinion.

Congress has submitted to the States a XVth Amendment, which will make the negro safe, so far as law can: placing him, politically, on the level with other races. Twenty-two States have ratified it. There is a fair prospect that, with proper efforts, the other six States needed to incorporate it into the Constitution may be obtained. Till that be done we keep watch and guard.

The protection of the emancipated race, which the Executive, and Congress and the Freedmen's Bureau seem equally to have neglected, is another object of vital importance. The reports from the rebel States are heartrending. Facts, gathered not from private report but from official documents, show that ruthless anarchy prevails throughout one-half the South. It is not hard judgment to say that the Government shows no disposition to grapple with this grave difficulty. Public attention needs still to be directed toward this shameful and guilty neglect.

The different plans for securing land to these defenceless victims, need discussion. Without this foundation mere political rights are empty words.

We again urgently beg the means to keep our counsel, our rebuke and our admonition before the public.

The usual Festival will be held at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening of Wednesday, January 26th, where all the friends of the Cause are cordially invited to meet, and where Donations will be, as usual, received at the different tables.

The Hall will be open from 5 o'clock until 10 P.M. It will be an occasion of unusual interest. Addresses by REV. WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, JULIA WARD HOWE, WENDELL PHILLIPS, REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, REV. JOHN WEISS. Vocal music and refreshments.

Subscriptions may also be sent either to THE STANDARD office, 39 Nassau street, New York, to R. P. HALLOWELL, 98 Federal street, Boston, Mass., or to any of the subscribers.

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Refreshments will be for sale at the Festival, and those friends who wish to make contributions for this purpose will find Horticultural Hall open, and some of the committee there to receive their gifts any time after 10 o'clock on the 26th of January, the day of the Festival.

Circulars, admitting the bearer and friends to the Festival may be had, without charge, on application to any of the Managers, to Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, 13 Chestnut street, Boston; to R. P. HALLOWELL, Esq., 98 Federal street, Boston, or at the office of THE STANDARD, No. 39 Nassau street, New York. Tickets of admission, fifty cents, to such as are not provided with circulars.

There will also be opportunity for friends attending the meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society the following day (Thursday) to obtain lunch in the lower Horticultural Hall.

CHAOS.

Milton's picture of Chaos

"Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars;"

one who

—"by decision more embroils the fray by which he reigns,"

seems a fit description of the state to which the milk-and-water-sham-magnanimity-men who infest the Republican party, would condemn us.

There are two tests to which men are used to submit opinions: one is argument, the other is arms. The question of a government based on race was argued for thirty years—the life-time of a generation. Before that tribunal the slaveholder was beaten. He then appealed to arms. There too he failed. In logical necessity then the time has come for *government* on one side and *submission* on the other. Instead of that, Rebeldom and the Democratic party plot to drag us back into the old war of words. And the milk-sops of the Republican party play into these traitors' hands. The answer of Congress should be—"*no more discussion, we cut this knot with the sword.*"

You will search History in vain for an instance where the conqueror invited his defeated enemy to share his throne. Cromwell never asked Charles Stuart to help him rule. Napoleon did not make his seat wide enough to admit Louis XVIII. But Congress lets rebel Tennessee help make our laws. If this is to be borne and the example copied in other States, how much have we gained by victory in this fight? Thus much and little more;—what was usurpation in Tennessee under the old regime is impudence under the new—that is about all, and the result is the same. Once States could play the tyrant and the Nation had no right to interfere. The rebellion has given Congress, by Constitutional provision, the right to stretch its hand over State barriers and protect its citizens. We demand of Congress that it use its new powers.

Of all the cant that has been canted in this canting Nation, while the cant of Liberty has been the most false, the cant of State sovereignty has been the most ridiculous. Ever since 1789 it has existed only in name. Hamilton laughed at it when he wanted to collect a tax. Jefferson trampled on it when he wished to crush a rival or buy a province. The Slave Power ignored it whenever it hunted negroes.

But even if a certain amount of State sovereignty did exist, in theory, before the war, the limits of it are much lessened now. The Rebellion sheltered itself behind what was assumed to be the constitutionally recognized barrier of State sovereignty. The Nation cut down this fence with the sword and then wrote out, with the sword's point, the XIVth Amendment as a record of its victory. Lee tried to varnish the blackness of his perjury by ostentatious reference to a supposed citizenship of Virginia. The Nation swept away forever that refuge of lies by taking possession of every human being born on its soil, as first, and forever and preëminently *its citizen*. For the first time in its history the Nation undertook to define what its parts were. It had contented itself, like an empty phantom, with floating over the continent like a balloon. We were a nation without anything to rest on: a dome without underpinning. We had had no citizens. The Indian legend,—"the earth rests on a tortoise, the tortoise on a stone, the stone on nothing"—figured us exactly. A head and body without feet. In 1868 we took on feet, alighted on solid earth, sponged out State lines as to this matter, dug down to granite and said, "here is my foundation, the *allegiance* of every soul born on my soil. No Ohio river, no Mason's and Dixon's line, no State boundary comes between me and it. The magnetism of my rightful claim penetrates through them all and welds it to me. I first own him as I, first, own, by *eminent domain*, every acre under my flag."

This is the decree which the conquering sword wrote out as the result of the fight—the position which the Nation found itself obliged, in self-defence and to guarantee the future, to take. Whatever State sovereignty can live and breathe in that atmosphere, is welcome to live; all beside and beyond was mustered out when Lee sheathed his sword, rusted with perjury, at Appomattox.

This being so, what follows? The Nation which calls for allegiance *owes protection*. If Spain fired at our flag to-morrow, we should call on the loyalty of Tennessee to rally under it. Have we protected the loyalty of Tennessee? No. Hunted in the streets, murdered in the highways, driven from the ballot-box, cheated in its Legislature, betrayed by its leaders, the condition of Tennessee is only the first chapter of the rebel plot to drag the whole question back to another war of words, tricks, evasions and intrigue, and thus prolong Chaos for another generation.

This conspiracy should be crushed at once. Planting itself openly on the XIVth Amendment, Congress should checkmate the Tennessee rebels. We cannot, to be sure, go to that State and inspect its ballot-boxes; we cannot be present and test its Legislative members. But this we can do, we can judge their acts. We can refuse to receive the Senator whom these conspirators send us. In the present emergency we claim of Congress that it refuse Mr. Cooper a seat in the Senate. A legislature that has no legal existence under the XIV Amendment chose him. The act is void. He is no Senator. Congress has not only the right, it is bound by the duty entrusted to it in that Amendment to refuse him a seat. Without such action that Amendment is waste paper. Congress is empowered "to enforce it by appropriate legislation." No mere law can reach this perjury. The only legislative action which can reach the evil, is to refuse to recognize the acts of such an illegal body as the Tennessee Legislature. Teach the South that they may shoot voters, elect men not eligible because unable to take the oaths of office, and hide rebellion under legal forms; but the trick only harms the knave who plays it—this engineer shall "hoist with his own petar."

If the war has settled anything, shut the Senate door in the face of such a Tennessee. If the conquering idea is to hold what it has won and what is justly its own and what it must keep or the Nation suffers, shut out such a Tennessee. If rebels are to take back seats shut out such a Tennessee. If Congress is to do its duty under the XIVth Amendment, shut out such a Tennessee. If loyalty is to be protected, shut out such a Tennessee. "Allegiance and Protection," said a great Bishop, "go hand in hand." We claim allegiance. See that we extend protection by sending Cooper back to his rebel constituents, without a Senatorial robe. If the Senate admits him it makes itself partner in the Tennessee defiance of the XIVth Amendment and helps to break the Constitutional provision, which it is commanded and set to "*enforce.*" To evade enforcing it *now* is practically treason. Which will you be, Senators, bold, common-sense patriots, or *magnanimous* traitors? tools of rebels? They've lost their black slaves. Do not justify Randolph's old boast that he "could rule just as well by white ones."

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFLICT.*

By the masses of men and women the significance of the Anti-Slavery Movement of this country hitherto has been, and is yet, little understood. Though carried forward in their midst, themselves moulded by it, they have been so blinded by prejudice, so palsied morally, as neither to know, nor be capable of comprehending the influences which have wrought upon them. They have glorified as statesmanship and reverenced as piety a system of politics which trampled upon human rights, and a type of religion which would sell Jesus in the market, in the persons of his humble followers—and, meanwhile, have berated and persecuted Abolitionists as fanatics and infidels. But their statesmen have been shown, by events, to have been political charlatans, and their priests, who took "South-side views" of slavery, have been shamed and confounded by the abolition, before their eyes, of the infamous chattelism which they had the impiety to strenuously defend, as ordained of God! Marvelous changes have been wrought, and yet the young men and women of to-day are, for the most part, as innocent as children, and the masses of their parents as ignorant as if they had been dead, of the causes which have been at work to produce these great changes whereat many rejoice, and which are to be so far-reaching in their consequences.

Mr. May has begun, what other pioneer Abolitionists, while their day lasts, should continue, a contribution of reminiscences of the past thirty-five years conflict, for the instruction, especially, of the young, and to furnish the right kind of materials for the future historian. The reminiscences of any one actor would of course be but fragmentary and partial, as related to the whole movement. But if we may have several volumes, from such as are competent to write them, grouped together, they will present something like completeness of statement. Mr. May began his work with no purpose of making a book, but simply to furnish a series of newspaper sketches, invited by the editor of the Boston *Christian Register*. Though the volume contains much very interesting and historically valuable matter, it is far less complete than could have been desired from his pen, not nearly as full and comprehensive as he was capable of making it. Both by its excellences and defects it serves to show the importance of additional and more thorough gleaning in the same fruitful field.

These "Recollections" include a sketch of the Rise of the Anti-Slavery movement; of the early labors of two Presbyterian clergymen, Rev. John Rankin, and Rev. John D. Paxton, (which were ante-dated by many years by Elihu Coleman of Nantucket, and other Quakers of Pennsylvania;) of Benjamin Lundy, a Quaker; of William Lloyd Garrison, and of the subsequent struggle, carried forward by such as have been known to the public in connection with the organized Anti-Slavery Societies, and others. The account of the "Reign of Terror" for Abolitionists, which began with the earnest agitation of the doctrine of Immediate Emancipation, as announced by Mr. Garrison, and in the perils of which Mr. May himself shared largely, is a thrilling record. In the light of the subsequent changes it seems now almost incredible that such things should have been possible in New England and throughout the North. The case of Prudence Crandall, a young Quaker woman, and her school for colored children, in Canterbury, Conn., a case with which Mr. May was also prominently and very honorably identified, is one which cannot now be read without amazement, at the heathenish barbarism of the canting, hypocritical, negro-haters of Connecticut, who will not even yet allow colored men to vote at their polls, but with a Republican State administration, are meanly waiting for the National Government to "force" negro suffrage upon them by the Fifteenth Amendment.

We are forcibly reminded, as we read Mr. May's book, that though chattelism has been abolished, the conflict has been rather changed in locality than ended in fact. The reign of terror which he recounts as prevailing in '33 and '35, and later, and breaking out again in '60 and '61, still continues throughout the South. It is speaking within bounds to say that during the year just closed hundreds, (and if the truth could be known, thousands) of loyal men and women, colored and white, have forfeited their lives to it. Many a Prudence Crandall has been forced to desist from teaching colored children, and some have fallen martyrs at their posts of service. Our self-sacrificing, heroic friend, Miss CAROLINE F. PUTNAM, the PRUDENCE CRANDALL of to-day in Virginia, maintains her position as teacher among the freed-people in much peril, with almost a certainty, we are advised, of being either sacrificed or driven ruthlessly from it if Congress should be so unwise as to immediately readmit the State to Congressional representation, and withdraw national protection. Caste perpetuates the great struggle, and its victims yet abound wherever in America colored men and women reside. To wear a colored skin is still to carry a heavy burden in the midst of the pretended Christians, Democrats and Republicans of our time. As during the conflict with chattelism the masses were unconscious or indifferent to its importance, so, now, in the continued struggle for the overthrow of the relentless Caste spirit, the masses are as oblivious as before, and some hitherto earnest Abolitionists share their want of discrimination, excusing themselves from farther concern in the matter. As we write these paragraphs a letter comes to our hand from a well-known, loyal, trustworthy member of Congress from Tennessee. Writing of the present condition of affairs in that State, he says: "*Unless Congress takes hold of Tennessee the Union men, both white and colored, are for ever gone under, and will be in a worse condition than when bound over to slavery.*

While reading of past struggles, and glorious victories, let them therefore serve as a stimulant to still grapple with the old enemy, who lives to fight in a new guise, who still pursues relentlessly the colored people of the whole country, still seeks to paralyze the moral consciousness of the nation, and to prevent the consummation in America of a true Republic, wherein all, without distinction of nationality, race, or sex, may dwell together, secure in the enjoyment of equal rights and impartial freedom.

* RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONFLICT; by Samuel J. May. 408 pages, Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

VIRGINIA.

THE "Magnanimity" Republicans of the Senate and House of Representatives, urged on by the editor of the *Tribune* (who is excessively magnanimous to Jefferson Davis and the rebel-whites, but says heartlessly to the landless, unprotected negroes, "Root, Hog or Die,") are doing all in their power to reinstate the rebels of Virginia in political power, without additional guarantees that the perfidy of Georgia and Tennessee will not be repeated. We hope they may not succeed. But as we write it does not seem by any means certain that they will not. These self-imagined statesmen seem to suppose that by admitting Virginia to Congressional representation their responsibility will have ceased, and they will be rid of a troublesome problem. They will do well to remember that not in that way can they escape the trouble from which they timidly shrink. Congress gains by the Constitutional Amendments greatly enlarged powers in dealing with the States for the protection of the rights of citizens of the United States. Those enlarged powers bring also increased responsibilities. Admit Virginia prematurely, and more trouble is invited afterward. Make the conditions comprehensive, and the work of reconstruction thorough now, and the additional trouble to Congress and the country will be avoided, and the loyal people of Virginia may be saved from increased anxiety and suffering. "Magnanimous" Republicans should be warned, in the case of Virginia, by the present condition of Tennessee, which must needs be made over in the likeness of loyalty, to be entitled to a place in the National Council, or to become a safe abiding place for loyal citizens. Senators and Representatives: make haste slowly, in admiting Virginia, and other Southern States, and do the preliminary work of reconstruction thoroughly, that it may not need speedily have to be done over again. But in dealing with these States remember, whether they are represented in Congress or not, you are bound, by new Constitutional powers conferred by the Amendments, to see to it that the rights of all loyal citizens are adequately protected therein.

THE need of action on the part of Congress in the case of Georgia, is rendered apparent by the following, which we clip from the Washington correspondence of *The Independent*:

"Before leaving the subject, I must quote one paragraph from Gen. Terry's report upon the condition of Georgia:

"'I have,' he says, 'reluctantly come to the conclusion that the situation here demands the interposition of the National Government, in order that life and property may be protected, freedom of speech and political action secured, and the rights and liberties of the freedmen maintained. In many parts of the State there is practically no government. The worst of crimes are committed, and no attempt is made to punish those who commit them. Murders have been and are frequent; the abuse in various ways of the blacks is too common to excite notice. If the most worthless vagabond in the country were charged with a crime against a negro or a Republican no man would dare to testify against him or to refuse to give bail for him. Most of the outrages on the blacks result from hatred of their race. In civil cases, too, negroes are without redress for injuries. Magistrates dare not do them justice; cannot even save them from violence always while in their own presence.'

"With such an indictment the country will not wonder at the prompt action of Congress."

ONE very gratifying fact in connection with the recent New Year's receptions, at Washington was that the President, Vice-President, members of the Cabinet, and others, agreed to have temperance receptions—providing no intoxicating drink. This praiseworthy action we have no doubt was prompted in part, if not in large part, by the excellent temperance example hitherto of Vice-President Colfax. The Washington *Star* of the 30th ult., announcing the receptions, says:

"The hours for the receptions by the President and Vice-President on New Year's day are noticed elsewhere. The members of the Cabinet have had an understanding with each other, and will commence their receptions at one o'clock and close at three o'clock. They have all agreed to have temperance receptions—plenty to eat but no intoxicating drink. Chief-Justice Chase, Senator Sherman, Admiral Porter, and many Senators and Members, will give public receptions from one until three o'clock."

THE South Carolina Legislature with a majority of colored members and friendly whites put upon the statute book a State law for carrying out the Civil Rights bill. A negro-hating, Baltimore theatrical Manager, it will be seen by the following telegram from Charleston, has come to grief for violating this wholesome law:

"CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 8th.—Last night a colored man, for whom a ticket had been purchased by a white man, applied for admission to the dress circle of the Academy of Music and was refused admittance by Manager John T. Ford, of Baltimore, the lessee. Another colored man applied for a ticket for the reserved seats and was refused. This morning warrants were issued upon the affidavits of the two colored men, and Mr. Ford was arrested at the Academy of Music on the charge of violating the State law for carrying out the provisions of the Civil Rights bill. Mr. Ford gave bail to appear at the next term of the Court of General Sessions."

Miss CAROLINE F. PUTNAM in a private note, from Virginia, dated Jan. 4th, says:

"I send another letter to Gen. Butler to-day (printed on first page) begging not to have Virginia admitted on any conditions whatever.

"The Richmond *Enquirer* says truly, '*A State cannot be conditionally* admitted.' Our only safety is in waiting till the lands are sold for taxes and other needs of money. Admit the State and the Rebel land-owners *will do* what they told the blacks last summer, *tax them* for *rent*, so they could pay the taxes imposed on their lands by the new State Constitution for Free Schools! We are doing all we can to keep Virginia out."

MISSOURI ratified very promptly the Fifteenth Amendment. Through some inaccuracy not discovered prior to the adjournment of the Legislature, subsequent action was rendered necessary. It has been predicted that the error would not be corrected and that therefore the assent of Missouri would be lost to the Amendment. We are gratified therefore to be able to print the following St Louis telegram:

"ST. LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 7th.—The Missouri Legislature to-day ratified the Fifteenth Amendment. The vote stood: Senate, 22 to 3; House, 88 to 34."

THE San Francisco *Pioneer* (Emily A Pitts, editor and proprietor) publishes a call for a State Woman Suffrage Convention to be held in San Francisco the 26th inst. A large gathering is anticipated, and will no doubt be realized. There appears to be a good degree of interest in the movement throughout the State. Among the names familiar to us, appended to the Call, we notice Georgiana B. Kirby of Santa Cruz, and Rev. Charles G. Ames, a large-hearted, liberal-minded Unitarian clergyman.

THE Sham-Democracy at Albany made all possible haste, on Wednesday last, to pass the resolutions, introduced on Tuesday, which we printed last week, rescinding the ratification, by the last legislature, and then rejecting, the Fifteenth Amendment. While this untoward action will not probably avail to defeat the Amendment, it serves to illustrate anew how false and heartless, toward the colored people, are the partisans who have so shamefully misappropriated and belied the Democratic name.

JOURNALISTIC.

The Cuban is the title of a neatly printed, four page paper, recently issued in this city in the interest of the Cuban Republic. Its aim will be to present for general consideration and discussion whatever may tend to promote the progress and speedy triumph of the revolution. We shall look to *The Cuban* for full and reliable information as to the condition and progress of the Republican cause in the Island. Such a medium of trustworthy information is much needed.

The Index, a journal of very pronounced radicalism in religion, edited by Rev. Francis E. Abbot, and published at Toledo, Ohio, presents, in the initial number, Fifty Affirmations concerning Religion, Christianity, Free Religion, and the Relation of Christianity to Free Religion; a sermon on the Genius of Christianity and Free Religion, by Mr. Abbot; a letter from Francis Power Cobbe; a statement of the origin and purposes of the Free Religious Association, together with editorial, and other miscellany. It is a moderate sized, eight page paper. It will be warmly welcomed by the increasingly large class of readers whose wants it is designed to meet. The Secretary of the Free Religious Association, Rev. William J. Potter of New Bedford, with the President, Mr. Frothingham, will edit a department of *The Index* in the interest of that organization. The paper is guaranteed for at least one year. It is issued weekly, at two dollars per annum. We understand that among Mr. Abbot's supporters in this journalistic enterprise is the distinguished Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby.

The Woman's Journal, edited by Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, William Lloyd Garrison and Col. T. W. Higginson, and published simultaneously in Boston and Chicago, made its appearance on Saturday last. It is an eight page paper, slightly enlarged from *The Agitator* size, is handsomely printed, and well made up. The salutatory is by Mrs. Howe; Mrs. Livermore exhorts the friends of Woman Suffrage to "push things;" Mr. Garrison writes of "the claim of Woman to the Ballot," a sharply critical review of "Ecce Femina, an attempt to solve the Woman Question," a volume recently published by Lee and Shepard; Col. Higginson contrasts "Harvard and the West," in respect to educational advantages for woman; and Lucy Stone contributes an article upon the "Laws in relation to the property rights of Married Women in Massachusetts." Among the other contributors to the first number are H. B. Blackwell, Mr. Sanborn, Mrs. Severance, and Mrs. Hanaford. Devoted to Woman Suffrage as a specialty it will be a most valuable auxiliary to that cause. Its influence for good will be powerful both within and beyond New England. We hope it may gain a large number of readers, and be liberally sustained. Its subscription price is three dollars a year.

The genial editor of *The Independent*, quickened by THE STANDARD'S gentle and regretful reminder that, of late, he had *relatively* subordinated the negro's cause to matters of "faith and doctrine," announces that he is "in the field against all comers, to maintain, first, the non-extension of slavery in the territories; second, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia; third, the vigorous prosecution of the war; fourth, the unconditional surrender of the Rebellion; fifth, the Proclamation of Emancipation; sixth, the Freedmen's Bureau; and, seventh, the Fifteenth Amendment." It is noticeable that the questions, to which he pledges renewed zeal, are chiefly of the past. To these we gratefully acknowledge he has rendered distinguished, valiant service. We should be filled with regret if we thought his face, like those of some of Dante's pilgrims, was turned permanently backward. Though the Fifteenth Amendment will doubtless presently be ratified, the colored people, *because colored*, are, and will yet be, an exceptional, suffering class. This must needs be, so long especially as editors of religious newspapers, less zealous on the right side than Mr. Tilton, and clergymen and church members of the popular (*The Independent's*) faith, are prone to look mainly backward to the sins of the Jews, and to lay great stress upon "soundness" in Evangelical doctrine, rather than to grapple with the prevailing sin of Caste, so powerful as still to perpetuate, if not avowed Rebellion, a reign of terror throughout the South, and to persecute relentlessly the colored people of the whole country. Mr. Tilton kindly exhorts us to "a little greater zeal against the oppression of woman." With his own earnestness in that important cause, we most cordially sympathise. We are quite willing to compare the records of our respective journals, editorial and otherwise, (cartoons excepted), as to the space given to the advocacy of Equal Rights for Women. All hail! to the Sixteenth Amendment, which, early and constantly, we have had pleasure in advocating, and which it is our purpose still to assist, as best we can, to successfully inaugurate. *The Independent's* artist, if not elegant, is certainly effective, in the second of the "cartoon series," in pleading, with his pencil, the cause of the negro, woman, the Chinese, the Indians—of democracy in the broadest, best sense.

The Woman's Advocate of Dayton, Ohio, a weekly journal devoted to Woman's Rights, comes to us enlarged and generally improved in quality and appearance. It is now in quarto form, eight pages, and is published at two dollars fifty cents a year. Though not likely to be as well sustained in a literary point of view as *The Woman's Journal* of Boston, it is earnest and thorough in its mission, and will doubtless fill a large sphere of usefulness, and win an important constituency throughout the West.

An independent, miscellaneous, literary and business journal, *The Index*, has recently been issued in Brooklyn, N. Y., published by A. H. Rome and Brothers, the former printers of *The Friend*. Essentially neutral in politics and religion, it contains pleasant, miscellaneous selections, and bids fair to be an interesting family paper. It is beautifully printed and furnished at the low price of one dollar and fifty cents a year.

The Brooklyn Union has recently been purchased by Mr. Henry C. Bowen, the enterprising publisher of *The Independent*. Of its editorial management under the new arrangement we are not advised.

The Universe, an extreme radical journal, devoted to social reform, woman's rights, etc., hitherto issued in Chicago, is now published in this city. We notice among its contributors the names of Robert Dale Owen, Henry C. Wright and Epes Sargent. It is a large-sized, eight page paper, issued weekly, and presents a large amount of reading matter. Its editor and publisher is H. N. F. Lewis. Its subscription price is three dollars a year.

A new weekly paper is in contemplation in Manchester, England, to be entitled *The Home*, of which Miss Lydia Becker, the advocate of Parliamentary suffrage to women, is to be the editor. Women are to be employed as compositors, and are to use the Amerian typesetting machine.

WE commend to our readers the following Petition for immediate general circulation. We shall be glad to send blanks already prepared for signatures to all who may desire them. They may be forwarded with names to the HON. CHARLES SUMNER, for the Senate, or to the HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN, for the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.;

To the Forty-First Congress of the United States:

The undersigned respectfully and earnestly ask your honorable body to authorize at once the appointment by the President of a Land Commission, to be composed of well-known, disinterested friends of the freed people, with authority to appoint a limited number of Agents, whose duty it shall be to cooperate with individuals and associations among the hitherto enslaved, for the selection and purchase of eligible lands for homesteads, to hold titles thereof for a given period, until by installments they shall have been paid for at actual cost to the Government, when the money so employed, not to exceed two millions of dollars, shall be refunded to the national treasury.

PERSONAL.

The N. Y. *Times* says:

"Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell has commenced the practice of medicine in London."

Prof. Maria Mitchell, of Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, is to deliver a course of lectures on Astronomy to the students of Swarthmore College, recently opened, under very encouraging auspices, near Philadelphia, by Hicksite Friends. We understand that Miss Mitchell will probably lecture in this city also, at an early day, under the auspices of the "Friends' Social Union."

The N. Y. *Times* says:

"Miss Kate Field, whose lectures in the inland towns east and north of us have been extremely successful, is sojourning for a day or two in New York, prior to undertaking an extensive tour to the West, arrangements for which have for some time past been effected. We understand that Miss Field will extend her travels as far as to St. Louis, and return to New York in the spring.

The following-named ladies have been elected officers of the Brooklyn Women's Club: President, Mrs. Celia Burleigh; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, Mrs. Theodore Tilton; Recording Secretary, Miss Gooding; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Newbould; Treasurer, Miss Lottie Kellogg; Board of Directors, Mrs. Anna C. Field, Mrs. Edward Bowen, Miss Kate Hillard, Mrs. Mary W. Manning, Mrs. A. H. Brockway, Mrs. Mathew Wilson, Mrs. Seaman.

The Boston *Advertiser* says:

"Mr. James Redpath was visited by a company of friends at his office in Bromfield street, Friday noon, and presented with a fine Howard gold watch. Mr. George M. Baker said a few words in behalf of the contributors, among whom were Charles Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Martin Millmore, the sculptor, and many other eminent men, and Mr. Redpath made a brief reply. A legion of friends will rejoice at the event, and none more heartily than his brethren of the Boston press."

Charles C. Burleigh will lecture on Temperance, in Bucks County, Pa., as follows: Doylestown, Friday evening, Jan. 14th; Doylestown, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 15th; Centreville, Saturday evening, Jan. 15th; Pineville, Sunday evening, Jan. 16th.

Probably at Attleboro, Tuesday, Jan. 18th; Attleboro, Wednesday, Jan. 19th; Falsington, Thursday, Jan. 20th; Morrisville, Friday, Jan. 21st. The important and timely topic will be sure to be earnestly and eloquently discussed by Mr. Burleigh. He will attend the Doylestown Friends' meeting on the 16th inst.

The *Boston Commonwealth* says:

"Mr. Ernest Longfellow, a son of the poet, has adopted the profession of portrait painting, and opened his studio. The most successful of his works thus far, a head of his father, is on exhibition in one of the galleries. There is a good deal of strength in the picture. The poet is represented more sleekly combed and brushed, as to his hair and beard, than he is often seen in public, or than any other artist has represented him; but probably the opportunity of home sittings has enabled the painter to catch an unusually calm aspect of the head."

The Second Series of Sunday Lectures, to be delivered in Horticultural Hall, Boston, promises to be one of great interest. The programme is as follows:

January 23, John Weiss, "True and False Ideas of Nature;" January 30, O. B. Frothingham, "The Revealed and the Hidden God;" February 6, W. J. Potter, "The Agency of Law and of Persons in Human History;" February 13, T. W. Higginson; February 20, Julia Ward Howe; February 27, F. E. Abbot, "Jesus and Socrates in the History of Religion;" March 6, Edmah D. Cheney, "The Function of Art in Life;" March 13, Samuel Longfellow; March 20, John S. Dwight, "Music and the Religious Sentiment;" March 27, David A. Wasson; April 4, —— ——; April 11, Wendell Phillips.

Prof. T. Clarkson Taylor of Wilmington, Del., will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the "Friends' Social Union," and for the benefit of Swarthmore College, at Lyric Hall, No. 727 Sixth avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, on Friday evening, the twenty-eighth of this month, at 8 o'clock, on the Yo-Semite Valley. Prof. Taylor having visited that most wonderful portion of the earth's surface, and taken photographic views, has prepared a plan for exhibiting them on canvas, by means of the stereoscoptican; making large and vivid pictures of those scenes of unparalleled grandeur—which, with his graphic description of that whole region, will furnish a most agreeable and instructive evening's entertainment. Price of tickets 50 cents, to be had at Caswell & Hasards, drug store, corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-ninth street.

The *Philadelphia Morning Post* of the 3d inst., says:

"On Tuesday evening last, Miss Carrie V. Still, daughter of Mr. William Still, was married, at his residence, to Mr. Edward A. Wiley, of Alabama. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. B. Reeve, of the Presbyterian Church.

"It is seldom a young couple begin life with the good wishes of so many eminent friends of reform. Sixty or seventy persons were present at the wedding, including Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Dilwyn Parrish, J. Miller McKim, B. P. Hunt, J. C. Wears, J. M. Trumain, Rev. Wm. J. Alston, Mary Grew, Sarah Pugh, Rachel Moore Townsend, H. M. Laing and wife, Passmore Williamson and wife, J. D. Stockton, Dr. D. Rosell, Mrs. S. M. Douglass, Charles Wise, Wm. Whipper, James Grant, and many others who have been earnest and active in the anti-slavery movement. The presence of Lucretia Mott was peculiarly gratifying to the friends of the family, and an unusual but beautiful feature of the evening was the address she delivered. To speak at a wedding is not customary, but Lucretia Mott can do nothing that is not graceful and right. Her words were heard with deep feeling and interest. Afterwards, Miss E. T. Greenfield, celebrated in the musical world, sang several beautiful melodies.

"The bride graduated at Oberlin College, in the summer of 1868, with a class of forty-four, and was the only colored graduate and the youngest member. At the anniversary of the Ladies' Literary Society, held during the commencement, she was elected to preside, an honor never before conferred upon one of her race under similar circumstances.

"The record of the bridegroom's life gave additional interest to the ceremony. We trust we break no confidence in saying that Mr. Wiley was born a slave in Alabama, and up to the time that the Union army penetrated into the State had had no opportunities to gain freedom or education. But the first sight of the flag was enough; he joined the army, and after a time came to the North, resolved that being free he would win education. He entered Oberlin College, but only by hard physical labor, outside of college hours, could he support himself. Thus he performed his task, and though the double labor of three years was too hard and he was compelled to leave college before graduating, he made remarkable progress, and won the esteem and confidence of the professors. This battle which Mr. Wiley fought was honorable from beginning to end, and the sacrifices he endured to win knowiege are an example to those young men who neglect better opportunities.

"This wedding will be remembered by all who were present as one of more than usual interest. A more delightful reunion of the old workers in the anti-slavery cause could hardly be possible."

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 10th, 1870.

VIRGINIA is in the agonies of parturition. So far as the reaction is concerned it promises to be born dead, or at least with but a sickly life. Even during the hottest hours of the earlier reconstruction struggles here, I do not remember to have seen a more earnest division than now exists on the Virginian question. The difference then was that the dispute was bitter and malignant. Now, it is neither one nor the other. There are two ideas at work,—one being born of the small legal mind that has consumed the calf-skin bindings but not the law in the volumes it has studied, and the other is that of the party leader who fears that to *seem* to demand new conditions after those already laid down have apparently been lived up to, will afford too good a handle for opposing stump oratory. The Senate, as usual, is the place for finding both in force.

The debate has lasted two days, and so far has been participated in only by Republicans. The opposition seem content to let the majority decide what their policy shall be, hoping, of course, that possibly a Kilkenny cat fight may be made of it. In this they will be deceived.

The Judiciary Committee have reported in favor of immediate admission. Mr. Stewart of Nevada, I regret to say, leads the debate on that side, reinforced by Morton of Indiana, the logic of whose positions on these details, it is sometimes difficult to determine. Messrs. Sumner, Edmunds, Drake, Yates, Howard, are earnest against the admission, without first requiring the test-oath, or the qualifying one found in the Georgia bill, to be administered to the Legislature. Mr. Drake proposed to amend the regular bill by declaring that if they attempt to withdraw the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, the State shall revert to the present provisional condition.

The House promises better than the Senate on this question. The bill reported to-day by the Reconstruction Committee is satisfactory. By it Virginia will be admitted to representation, provided—1st, That the members of the State Legislature be required to swear in detail that they are not disqualified by the Third section of the Fourteenth Amendment, or have been relieved by act of Congress. 2d. That the State shall never attempt to abridge the right of suffrage, to sit on juries, or to equal participation in the common schools or other educational privileges.

It is quite certain this will pass the House, and by almost the entire party vote. The Senate's course is not quite so clear, but in the end, Gen. Paine's bill will in the main be the one adopted.

Considerable feeling was excited here on New Year's day, by the fact that at the door of the White House colored citizens calling to pay their respects to the Chief Magistrate, were told by those in attendance that an hour had been set apart for their reception by the President's order. At first it was believed to be an error, but investigation showed that such statements had been made and acted on.

I learn to-day on the best authority that neither the President nor any member of his family issued such orders, and that the whole thing was an error, either from malice or misunderstanding on the part of those in attendance at the White House doors. The President heard of the action some time after it had been done, and immediately issued peremptory orders to stop the practice.

The National Colored Labor Bureau, will to-morrow issue the first number of their organ, the *New Era*, edited by J. Sella Martin and Frederick Douglass. It commences with an assured circulation of 5000, being the official organ of the Freedman's Bureau also.

ASMODEUS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

NO. CCLIX.

BOSTON, January 9th, 1870.

THERE are some, it seems, who fear that the rights and interests of a full half of the human race will occupy too large a portion of THE STANDARD. It is certain, however, that the women are coming; and an additional forerunner, *The Woman's Journal*, has come. It is a very neat and handsomely printed quarto double sheet, published at the Women's Club-house, 3 Tremont Place in Boston, and also at the old headquarters of *The Agitator* in Chicago. The subscribers to the last-named paper will now get something larger and even better for their money; and a large number of new subscribers have already welcomed the first number of an organ of the women's cause in Massachusetts.

The opening addresses of the editors are admirably written, and the first specimens of correspondence and communication give excellent promise for the future. The general "make-up" of the paper, and the judicious attention given to the various little details included in that word, show the care as well as the skill of the presiding genius, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore. Now let those who understand the importance of a speedy establishment of women's suffrage canvass their neighborhood for new subscribers for this new paper.

The course of lectures on the History of Civilization, given by Rev. William H. Channing at the Lowell Institute, has just come to an end. These lectures treated of art, science and religion, as they have appeared in successive nations from the dawn of history, drawing illustrations from Egypt, China, Hindostan, Persia, Palestine, Greece and Rome, and the later nations whose character has been modified by some features of Christianity.

The last of these lectures, an intensely interesting one, was devoted to religion. The lecturer pointed out that no nation has ever so modelled its course upon the central and distinctive ideas of Christianity as to be appropriately called Christian. Neither has any government been disinterested enough to mould its policy upon the principles taught by Jesus, nor has any people been pure enough to require such a policy of those who administer its affairs. The thoughts of that great teacher have failed to produce their legitimate result, not from any deficiency in them, but because no thorough trial has been given them. Indolence and selfishness have preoccupied the ground, so that the good seed has hitherto produced but scanty harvests.

The people of the countries called Christian are apt to suppose their own religious system not only perfect, but distinguished from all others by the inculcation of the highest principles of morality and pure religion. This supposition has been strengthened by the reports of the missionaries sent out by various sects in this country, for half a century past, to the lands called heathen. These ambassadors, naturally wishing to justify their own work as well as their own faith, have made a point of selecting the most superstitious, repulsive and unreasonable of the heathen practices, and have paraded them through the missionary magazines and newspapers as a just and true representation of the religious systems of those countries; confounding in one judgment the books revered as sacred among those people, and the religious observances and the daily lives of the people themselves.

Mr. Channing took a different course. Instead of seeking for the worst, and only the worst, in the sacred books of other ages and nations, he explored to find what was *best* there; and he read to his audience, from documents belonging to the Egyptian, Chinese, Buddhistic, Persian, Greek and Roman systems of religion, just such declarations of the unity and perfectness of God, of his love of and care for men as his children, and of the duty of men to requite him with love, obedience, self-control, and help to necessities of every sort among their brethren—as the Hebrew and Christian scriptures contain; showing that the publication of all those religions, as of our own had proceeded from noble and excellent persons, truly taught of God, whose works might still be profitably studied; while the vices and errors of these heathen nations, as of all the nations called Christian, proceed from indisposition to the labor and self-sacrifice needed to practise the virtues enjoined by the religious system native to each country.

I hear that, for those who cannot spare the time to attend a course of twelve lectures, like the one just concluded, Mr. Channing will be willing to give a course of four, on the same subject; and I trust he will be invited in many places, to give one or the other of these rich compends of history.

Mr. Channing will speak upon a kindred subject, "The Church of Universal Unity," in the second course of Sunday afternoon lectures in Horticultural Hall; and the names of men and women associated with his as lecturers in this series give promise of one of the best courses ever delivered in this city. The first of these lectures will be given by Mr. Weiss, on the afternoon of Sunday, January 23d, and the course will continue until April 10th, when Wendell Phillips will give the closing lecture, leavening the series with his well known orthodoxy.

NORTH.

VIRGINIA.

LIFE AMONG THE FREED-PEOPLE—*Extracts from* MISS PUTNAM'S *Letters.*

LOTTSBURG, December 31st, 1869.

I ONLY hope this holiday recess of Congress will be so improved by the Rebels in their mortification and rage at not being let in, that their real temper will show itself, just as the *Richmond Enquirer* does. The *Whig* wraps its blanket about itself like the dignified Indian who went over Niagara Falls to his fate so stoically. It is a capital joke to read its pious homily, like Reynard's "Let us *pray!*" The weather is *charmed*. This, a May morning, without grass and flowers, a few birds, blue birds whistling. You know the days here are nearly an hour longer than in the latitude of Boston, and the sun never gets so near the Southern horizon as you are expecting it *will*. Altogether making such a different winter in the lateness of morning and evening. Sun rises earlier and sets later, so the days seem like March days in length, and we don't feel we have been into the depths of Arctic regions as you do North when the days begin to lengthen.

January, 3rd, 1870.

"Ye winged winds" are roaring around every body's pathway fearfully to-night, God help the poor mariners pitched and tossed about in the seas by them! New Year's Eve we had our Christmas tree! The Elmira toys were hung on the tree and made a fine show and abundant delight to the happy children. All the little *flags* "red white and blue" made an unsurpassed glory! I wish you could have seen the tree, and especially all those Elmira friends who so kindly sent the babies' toys!—the broken ones Miss T— glued together, and "immense sensation" was the result. One poor old horse that had lost its tail and part of its vehicle, every boy in school begged for. Sylvester Fauntleroy bore it off in triumph. The jumping jacks and little tin boiler and tiny jingling bell all are now cradled in the bosom of happy children somewhere about, of these scattered plantation cabins. Little Richard Kinner had the whistle. The little picture books made a pretty show in the tree, all decked out with that pretty bunch of dear little flags, tied about in a charming fashion. Miss T— did it delightfully. Then the children strung necklaces of red holly berries, that took the place of pop-corn strings, and below the flag on the topmost twig I put one of Abraham Lincoln's pictures,—you remember one of these Virginia Rebels said that picture should be torn down from this schoolhouse wall.

The tree was planted and covered up in Hans Anderson's fir-tree fashion with a *green* coverlet, but we had no white earthen lambs to lay down over the pretended grass sward, as if reclining in pastural leisure under the red cedar. The new Bibles and some Testaments were piled about on the green cloth below, while the bright worsted mittens and scarfs and rows of pins—and those little white handkerchiefs that little six-year-old Sluyter girl hemmed—were all about among the branches, and made the useful as well as ornamental gifts with which we blessed all the pretty little company. They all recited maps and globe and arithmetic. Read and spelled and counted and sung, in a very creditable way, astonishing result of only one year's teaching! Then all these comfortable clothes you have got down to them! I wanted the rebels to look in upon the extraordinary scene. How they have always taunted these fathers and mothers for sending their children to the school! But as we looked over the group and about on the pictured walls we said, "truly the last shall be first." For no such room exists in all this country as you have made here! Miss T— crowned Wendell Phillips' bust with a garland of cedar and holly leaves and berries, but his own beautiful crown is rarer than

"Monarch's gems or victor's wreaths."

The painting, "Humanitas," was appropriately mounted over the row of Scott in the most conspicuous light. I have everybody study its meaning. The flannel things for babies in the boxes will make them feel as happy and loved as the dark baby in Humanitas' arms. Old Raleigh Blackwell said of that picture—"That's both Justice and Scripture," and Mary Ann Diggs said, "It is certainly beautiful indeed. She holds 'em as if she loved them both alike." I am glad the picture has come down *here*. William Downing, one of the preachers, is just such a sweet "child of gospel grace, lifting up his blooming branch beneath Immanuel's shining face" as Cowper's hymn tells of, and that Gerrit Smith delights to sing so much. He never fails with some fresh apt allusion that springs as graceful and spontaneous as the flowers do. He knows all the story of the Fishermen of Galilee and told it in a vivid way that would make any one glad to hear. He received his new Bible with a tender joy it was lovely to see.

We leave the tree, and the Stars and Stripes and Lincoln still standing. New Year's day we held quite a levee of *white* folks. Our fame went all abroad and the token is hopeful that they will yet come into the school as scholars beside our black folks. One grandmother with her nun-like daughter, in a white cape sun-bonnet, was among our callers, and her grandson. She eagerly took him about to see all the beautiful things, and told us how she longed to see her grandchildren sharing in the benefit of this school; how bad she felt to have them growing up in ignorance, with such a school so near. We urged her to break the ice by bringing them, and then others would surely follow, and the hateful rebel spell over them be broken. She says she'll go about this week here and talk so to the white people, that if possible they can't resist her. She says if we *teachers* can only have *five years* of work without rebel interference, their social power and tyranny over both white and colored shall be broken. She hopes and prays the State won't be let in at all. I think it will be terrible to try these poor folks with any more elections for a long time, five years. Then let Northerners be fully protected in settling here and get ready.

It is horrible to give back now all power to the diabolical Rebels. "They kiss the Bible and do right contrary before they get to the door, I've seen 'em," said an honest old colored man to me one day. He was three years with our army, and says he will never desert the Republican party to vote with the rebels. But what if the Republican party deserts *him!* This Reconstruction business has been nefarious. Grant and Hoar stone deaf to the cries of murdered loyalists all through the South.

Samuel Blackwell said to me not long ago—"I am waiting to see if we are going to have a nasty, deceitful Democratic Congress. The Republican party seems to making a great effort to die out. Grant looks at my hands and sees they are not like his, and so he thinks I have not the equal right he has." Nothing puzzles these people so sorely as the half-wittedness of the North giving all up to their old enemies so easily.

C. F. P.

The assistant teacher writes:

"Lottsburg is a village consisting of two houses, two stores, one dry-goods and groceries, and the other liquor; also a torn-down blacksmith shop, and a tremendously fierce dog. The school-house is a quarter of a mile from this lovely spot. I am assistant postmaster, and was sworn before a justice, solemnly affirming that I never was in the confederate service, or ever took up arms against the Government, and that I would solemnly promise to always continue to be a loyal subject to the United States. My duties are not arduous, they consist principally in mailing my own letters, sorting out the mail on mail days, which are Saturday and Wednesday—those are the days the mail comes. It goes Mondays and Thursdays. It is overland by way of Fredericksburg, and a boy brings it, sometimes on horseback and sometimes in a buggy. It is the most delightful scene when I look from the door and see him driving up, that you can imagine. The mail-bag seems to illuminate the whole landscape, and when I find five letters in it, as I did Wednesday, Lottsburg becomes for the moment a sort of second Paradise." * *

PEACE CONVENTION IN BOSTON.

THE MASSACHUSETTS RADICAL PEACE SOCIETY will hold a meeting at the Melonaon (Tremont Temple) on Wednesday, January 56th, (the day preceding the Anti-Slavery Convention), afternoon and evening, commencing at 2 o'clock precisely. Distinguished advocates of reform are expected to address the meeting. All friends interested in the cause are cordially invited to attend.

President—LYSANDER RICHARDS.

Vice-Presidents—HENRY C. WRIGHT, E. D. DRAPER, B. J. BUTTS, MRS. HARRIET N. GREENE, and others.

Secretaries—Rev. WM. S. HEYWARD, MRS. S. JANE HATCH.

THE FUTURE OF THE STANDARD.

LETTER FROM A CLERGYMEN.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have noticed with interest the suggestions, editorial and otherwise, in reference to the future of THE STANDARD in case the Fifteenth Amendment becomes a part of the fundamental law of the land. It is thought by a portion of its friends and patrons that such a consummation would complete the work contemplated by the original founders of that journal. The black man having guaranteed to him equality before the law, it is thought that he can henceforth take care of himself, and does not need a periodical specially devoted to his interests as THE STANDARD has always been. Such reasoning is partly true, and partly untrue. That the idea conveyed by the prefix "Anti-Slavery" is becoming obsolete is evidently true, inasmuch as slavery is not only unrecognized, but absolutely forbidden, by the national constitution. But it is not true that those who were the victims of slavery stand on an equal footing with other citizens, and that they no longer need the special advocacy of such a paper as THE STANDARD. As long as prejudice against color continues to exist in church and State—as long as the unrepentant rebels of the South have control of the land, money, mechanism, educational facilities, and every other source of power, it will be necessary to keep up a medium of communication through which the wickedness of the oppressor can be ventilated, and the sufferings of the down-trodden, poverty-stricken, and comparatively helpless ex-slaves may appeal to the philanthropic for commiseration and to the government for justice.

But, as has been suggested by other writers the field of labor can profitably be enlarged and made to embrace all the reforms, now being agitated, or that may hereafter arise, having for their object the bettering of man's condition, and the abolition of evil in whatever phase it may appear as the curse of humanity. A broad horizon here presents itself, in which ignorance, and crime and sorrow are clearly traceable as the lot of the many, appealing to the more fortunate few for that relief which they cannot themselves obtain. The demon of intemperance, of caste, of greed, of lust, of pride, of bribery and of falsehood are to be cast out of our body politic, and the great principles of personal purity and even-handed justice universally diffused over our whole country.

It is evident, therefore, that the friends of humanity and of God still need a STANDARD, and the only thing requiring serious thought is the substitution of a word in the place of "Anti-Slavery" that will be more expressive of the enlarged object of those who propose to be the future standard bearers of the advance guard of the army of progress. Hereafter it will not be exclusively an Anti-Slavery Standard any more than it will be an *Educational* standard, a temperance standard, or a *universal suffrage* standard. It will be all of them and much more. No one of them, therefore, would be a full and comprehensive cognomen. No merely specific term will answer. It requires a genuine word—one that will include every specific object of the paper. Is there such a word in our vernacular? What is the substratum of all the pleadings of THE STANDARD? Evidently it is love—love to man as a brother, and to God as a Father. It will be emphatically, the standard of love, and the writer would most respectfully suggest the propriety of substituting the word "Philanthropic" instead of "Anti-Slavery," dropping the word "National" entirely. It would then read as follows: THE PHILANTHROPIC STANDARD.

The writer, in common with almost all who have been readers of THE STANDARD, would be sorry to be deprived of its weekly visits. It gives an *inside* view of things which cannot be obtained from a party paper whether political or religious. It has only the *truth* to maintain, and consequently is not tempted to give a false coloring to the fact it professes to relate. Besides the literary character of its selections are of so high an order that it would be difficult to supply their place if THE STANDARD was discontinued.

A change in the form of the paper so as to make it correspond with the *Christian Union*, might be beneficial, without adding materially to the expense of publication. It would make it more easily preserved and consequently less perishable.

In conclusion permit me to express the hope that the columns of THE STANDARD will never be prostituted to the advocacy of *infidelity*, either openly or in disguise, and that its conductors will always remember that God is the fountain of all good, and His word the "standard" of all right action on the part of his creature man.

WOMEN AS COMPOSITORS.

IT is our purpose, in a future number, to speak at some length concerning the occupation of type-setting, as offering more than ordinary inducements to women who desire a pleasant, healthful and remunerative employment.

This intention of ours, which has remained as a *deferred duty* for months with us, has been stimulated into activity by the following paragraph, relative to the employment of women as compositors abroad, which we find floating, without paternity, upon the sea of exchanges:

"Nine years ago it was resolved to try the experiment of female handiwork in printing. The Queen took an interest in the matter, and an office was opened in London under the management of Miss Emily Faithfull. The office is open at the present moment. I saw it only to-day. But there is no advance. Miss Faithfull fortunately has left, and things are a little better than they were; but only twenty-five girls are employed, and, after nine years, that is slow work for a new idea. The 'trade' is dead against it—as much here as it appears to be in America. I confess to being completely against it myself, but on grounds that would apply to several other female occupations. At Paris, Madrid, Florence, and even St. Petersburg, the scheme has been condemned by the trade journals; but partly for reasons which, it is but fair to say, do not apply to the particular case."

That the above discouraging statements, however applicable to England or the Continent, do not at all represent the condition of things in this country, we rejoice to say. In this city alone it is estimated that there are over three hundred women compositors, the proportion as compared with men printers already being one-tenth. That among this relatively large number there are a fair proportion of skilled, thoroughly reliable compositors, their employment in some of our first-class establishments, such as the Harpers', is sufficient evidence. Especially in the composing rooms of weekly journals they are quite numerous. In rare instances, but sufficient to establish the ability, women compositors have assumed the charge of composing rooms, discharging satisfactorily all the duties of foremen. *The Advocate* since its establishment has been under the charge of a young lady, Miss Emily Peers, who also, for over a twelve-month, has made up a weekly paper, the well-known ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, issued from the same office. In the composition of THE STANDARD and *The Advocate* women are chiefly employed, among them several who have learned the business in the office. We do not know that any other paper or magazine in the city is similarly made up, but the fact that one excellently printed paper is entirely under the charge of a woman is proof that others of the sex could be similarly educated.

One other point in the paragraph which we have quoted should not be passed without notice. It is the allusion to the opposition of the "Trades." In this city there is a "Woman's Typographical Union," in a flourishing condition, numbering upwards of fifty members. Its efficient president last year, Miss Augusta Lewis, received the invaluable counsel and assistance of the "Men's Typographical Union" in forming their Association, which was indebted to the Men's Union for many courtesies. By its present able Executive, Miss Kate Cusack, the writer is assured that those friendly relations are maintained without any abatement or lessening of interest. Joined thus hand in hand, the Men and Women Compositors of New York are setting an example of disinterested friendliness for the Trades Unions of the civilized world to imitate.

Will not the love of fair play, which is eminently a characteristic of the English nation, induce our trans-Atlantic brethren to give proper credit to the larger spirit of tolerance which animates the handicraft of Faust and Guttenberg in America?—*The Woman's Advocate for January.*

SELFISHNESS.

There is also a negative selfishness, which, though unwilling positively to injure a neighbor, yet doggedly refuses to help him, and echoes the evasion of Cain. Most carefully should this be guarded against; for it works insidiously. It makes us contented with social systems, whose evils we may not feel by reason of fortunate circumstances, but which crush to the earth many of God's children as dear to him as we. It enables us to sacrifice *Justice* to party measures, and *Truth* to social and church interests; to conceal words that should be spoken, and to neglect deeds that should be done,—all unrebuked of conscience. It whispers of self-culture, yet makes us forget the most essential part of it, viz.: the subjection of self to the general interests of humanity,—the substitution of a generous *selfhood* for an ignoble *selfishness*. We are content to float with the current; to measure our zeal by that of our social circle, church or party, and to tone down our light with the shade of *Policy*. Policy,—there are in that word more devils than ever infested Magdalene and Legion combined! It sounds the death-knell of true principle in every soul that makes it a watchword. Policy, in practical action, means that you will do what good you can without running any risk from wrong-doers in pocket or reputation; that you will speak the smooth, pleasant truths, and wrap up the harsh ones, which would probe rotten hearts to the core. In politics it means that Justice and the Nation's welfare shall be sacrificed for plunder and power. In churches, it means that ministers shall be dumb dogs, giving no warning cry when the wolf comes; false prophets, saying soft things, equally satisfying the world and the church universal, and swelling the vanity of their congregations at the expense of their spiritual life; and that the membership shall bar the doors against all the disagreeable, shall live in conformity to the notions of the Pharisees, shall refuse to eat with publicans and sinners, and, in short, shall be popular and pretty, leaving truth and humanity to shift for themselves. Always and everywhere it means that a brother's interests must be sacrificed to our ease and quiet: that social wrongs may wear out themselves, or the world, ere we will damage our respectability by trying to right them; that God has not called us to look out for any but ourselves, if we will be, in the least degree, discommoded thereby; that respectability is the one thing needful, so that if we can be respectable and do good too, we may, but at all events, we must be *respectable*. It is born of selfishness, it feeds on selfishness, and it is ever the tool of selfishness. Let us not be deceived by this juggling fiend.

[*Extract from a sermon preached at Canastota, N. Y., Dec. 26th, 1869, by A. F. Bailey, minister of the Independent Church*].

LITERARY.

THE WRITINGS OF MADAME SWETCHINE. Edited by Count de Falloux. Translated by H. W. Preston. 255 pp. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is a companion volume to *The Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine* which was issued by the same publishers. Though Madame Swetchine was a catholic this book bears no trace of the intolerance of sectarian bigotry. We recognize in it the truly reverential and devout spirit which is confined to no sect and which gives evidence of close communion with the Father. It abounds in choice sentiments and beautiful thoughts. From the chapter, "Airelles" we quote the following:

AN AIRELLE WHICH HAS BEEN UNDER THE SNOW.

"This Airelle is distinguished from all the others by its shape and its corolla. It is common in all the northern marshes of Europe, Asia, and even America, where it creeps over the moss with its loosely trailing stems. It blossoms in Russia in the month of June, and the fruit ripens in October; but it is tart at this season, and to sweeten it, they let it remain under the snow through the winter, and gather it the ensuing spring. Hence its name, *podsnejnaia*,—that which has been under the snow."

"Under the auspices of this simple flower I have placed the following thoughts. They, too, have ripened under the snows, and taken their hue, like this little red berry, from the fires of the interior sun. The most of them were committed to writing during the winter of 1811, which I passed in the country, in profound retirement. They are utterances which sprang from my own heart, but reached no other; impressions which clothed themselves in images to people my solitude."

"Let our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain."

"O Widow's mite! Why hast thou not in human balances, the immense weight which celestial pity accords thee?"

"Let us resist the opinion of the world fearlessly, provided only that our self-respect grows in proportion to our indifference."

"The qualities destined to subserve the happiness of others, remain too often idle and self-centered, like charming letter which have never been sent."

"Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages: They have learned to understand and be understood by all."

"How difficult is purity to the pure! A little pollen is enough to rob the lily of its whiteness."

"If it were ever allowable to forget what is due to superiority of rank it would be when the privileged themselves remember it."

"It is by doing right that we arrive at just principles of action."

"He who has never denied himself, for the sake of giving, has but glanced at the joys of charity. We *owe* our superfluity; and to be in the performance of our duty, we must exceed it."

"To reveal imprudently the spot where we are most sensitive and vulnerable, is to invite a blow. The demi-god Achilles admitted no one to his confidence."

"Happiness and Vice are mutually exclusive: Happiness and Repentance mutually prejudicial. Happiness and Virtue clasp hands and walk together."

"When fresh sorrows have caused us to take some steps in the right way, we may not complain. We have invested in a life annuity, but the income remains."

"The mind wears the colors of the soul, as a valet those of his master."

"There are souls which, like the pontiffs of the ancient law, live only on the sacrifices they offer."

"It would seem that by our sorrows only we are called to a knowledge of the Infinite. Are we happy? The limits of life constrain us on all sides."

"Those who make us happy are always thankful to us for being so. Their gratitude is the reward of their own benefits."

"What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief."

The following, which we take from the *Boston Transcript*, we are sure will give pleasure to our readers:

"MISS ALCOTT AND HER PUBLISHERS.—The correspondence given below explains itself. It will interest our readers somewhat, as showing that pleasant relations may, and we imagine generally do, exist between writers of generous dispositions and booksellers who appreciate the pens whereby they and their literary friends live and prosper. But what will be especially pleasing are the facts that "Little Women" has succeeded in winning so large a popularity and is still going far and wide on its bright mission to cheer, charm and instruct all who become acquainted with the healthful naturalness of its sparkling pages.

No. 143 WASHINGTON STREET,
BOSTON, CHRISTMAS, 1869.

Dear Miss Alcott:—We *must* anticipate the usual half-yearly settlement, and send you the inclosed check on account.

At this "merry Christmas" time, when the inspiration of your mind is gladdening the hearts and homes of so many thousands, we would not forget the author; and we feel that we are but the factors of a public, who, quick to recognize the genius displayed in "Little Women," where by a "touch of nature" you have made the "whole world (your) kin," generously enable us to silver-line your pocket. We are, dear Miss Alcott,

Your friends and publishers,
ROBERTS BROTHERS.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Gentlemen: Many thanks for the check which made my Christmas an unusually merry one.

After toiling so many years along the up-hill road, always a hard one to women writers, it is peculiarly grateful to me to find the way growing easier at last; with pleasant little surprises blossoming on either side, and the rough places made smooth by the courtesy and kindness of those who have proved themselves "friends" as well as publishers." With best wishes for the coming year, I am, yours truly, L. M. ALCOTT.

BOSTON, Dec. 28th, 1869.

The inclosed check was for $2500, which was only a portion of the amount due the author for copyright on six month's sales; the interest in "Little Women" seeming to increase from month to month, no less than 3000 sets having been called for by the public the present month."

A Bible printed in 1610, a year before the King James version was published, has been found in the New Bedford (Mass.) public library.

RECEIVED.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. With Illustrations. 232 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALFRED TENNYSON. 232 pp. Paper cover. Price 50 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers.

KITTY. By M. Betham Edwards. 143 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Facts for the Ladies.

On the 7th day of August, 1857, I purchased a **Wheeler & Wilson** Sewing-Machine, which has been used from that day to this, almost incessantly. I do not recollect any day, except Sundays, in which some work has not been done upon it. By far the greater part of the time it has been run from seven o'clock in the morning until ten, eleven, and often until twelve o'clock at night. It has never cost one cent for repairs, and is to-day in as complete working order as the day I bought it. I would not exchange it for a new machine of any other kind. HARRIET A. BELLOWS.

Seneca Falls, Nov. 22, 1868.

Advertisements.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE

FOR JANUARY,

In addition to an excellent table of contents, contains the third installment of

"A STORY"

BY

ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL,

ENTITLED

"THE MARKET WOMAN."

Copies of VOLUME FIRST (a neatly bound book of over 300 pages of choice reading matter) will be furnished, upon application to the Publisher, for ONE DOLLAR per Volume. Postage twenty-four cents.

Single number 15 cents. Subscription price $1.50 a year. Address,

WM. P. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
39 Nassau street, New York

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,
PARIS, 1868.

AWARDED:

1st—ONE (of the five) GRAND PRIZE.

"Material for the Relief of the wounded in the war of 1861 IN THE DEPARTMENT, UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION

The Highest Expression of the Imperial Commission.

2d—Bronze Medal (exclusive cast) and Diploma.

DR. E. D. HUDSON.

FOR ARTIFICIAL LIMBS (Legs and Arms.)

By the International Jury, PARIS, 1867.

LE CONSEILLER D'ETAT, Commissaire General, F. LE PLAY. | LE MINISTRE, Vice-Pres't de la Com. Imperiale, CH. FOREADE.

REPORT OF U. S. COMMISSIONER, T. W. EVANS, M. D., MEMBER OF THE JURY OF THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, TO THE UNITED STATES. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY, DEPARTMENT OF STATE. To wit:

DR. HUDSON has received from the IMPERIAL COMMISSION a BRONZE MEDAL and DIPLOMA, for the limbs sent by him, which have been particularly admired, and are in execution unquestionably the most remarkable in the Exposition." (The only Limbs which had the award of the Medal.)

TESTIMONIAL OF THE

CONFERENCE

OF THE

INTERNATIONAL SANITARY COMMISSION

AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1867.

IN THE NAME OF THE CONFERENCE OF ASSOCIATIONS FOR THE RELIEF OF WOUNDED SOLDIERS AND SAILORS,

"I have the honor to inform you that a MEDAL has been awarded to you, by the Assembly of Delegates at the Distinguished Seance of the 31st of August, 1867—for the services which you have rendered to the cause of Universal Humanity.

PARIS, September 8th, 1868.

COUNT SERURIER, Commissioner General of the International Exposition, President of the Conference.

COUNT G. de CHABOLY, T. GAUVIY. } General Secretaries.

To Monsieur Hudson."

E. D. HUDSON, M. D., 696 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Specialty of Mechanical Surgery, and Artificial Legs and Arms.

21 tf

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.

Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so

Miscellaneous Department.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow;
Tho' thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow!
Tho' thou must toil many cold and sordid men,
With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,
Cheer up, poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain,
Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce thy soul,
But cannot kill the love within thee burning;
The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,
Can never quench thy true heart's seraph yearning
For better things; nor crush thy arduous trust,
That error from the mind shall be uprooted,
That truths shall dawn, as flowers spring from the dust
And Love be cherished where Hate was embraced!
Hope on, Hope ever!

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,—
With the heart's honest pride at midnight wrestle,
To feel the killing canker worm of Want,
While rich rogues in their stolen luxury nestle;
For I have felt it. Yet, from earth's cold real,
My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful
The warm sunrise floods all the land ideal,
And still it whispers to the worn and tearful
Hope on, hope ever!

Hope on, hope ever! after darkest night
Comes, full of loving life, the laughing morning
Hope on, hope ever! Spring-tide flushed with light,
Age crowns old winter with her rich adorning,
Hope on, hope ever! yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another!
Hope on, hope ever.

SUEZ AND ITS CROWDS.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

CAIRO, Nov. 23d.—As the Sennar arrived at Suez twenty-four hours after the Aigle, I inferred that we should find nothing to detain us. The illuminations had gone out, there had been no fete, the decks of the ships among which the Sennar wound her way to her anchorage were deserted; it was plain that all we had to do at Suez was to get away from it as soon as possible. I was loth to quit the Red Sea without a plunge into its sparkling waters, but it seemed needful to reach Cairo that night. So we sent our compliments to the admiral, and the Admiral sent his compliments to us, with the polite message that a boat was at our disposition. Our party of seven was soon ready, and when the luggage had been stowed in the boat we sent for our interpreter, and took leave of the Admiral and of the Sennar in a neat speech. Whether he thought we were the diplomatic corps I cannot tell, he ordered up his little troop of marines, and we went over the side of the ship to the music of their drum and fife and with all the honors of presented arms. The Admiral waved his last farewell from the quarter-deck. I hope he will not think it disrespectful if I say that we all thought him an uncommonly good fellow.

It was four miles to the town. Yesterday's decorations still hung gaily on the ships and along the pier and causeway. It was very much like Port Said over again, but the guests were fled, and the sooty skeletons of the fireworks we had seen the night before marred the effect—the lights were dead in the banquet hall deserted. I saw as much of Suez as a man may see from a boat, rowing up from the harbor to the town, and after that from the inside of a dusty whitewashed railway station close alongside the quai. It is a paltry place enough, but has long had great commercial importance, and is destined to have still greater as a place of transit. It produces green oranges, half-dried grapes, flat cakes of indigestible bread, a horrible kind of pastry soaked in molasses, and stuffed with pounded almonds and gravel, and a crowd of shrieking, swindling Arabs, Nubians and Abyssinians, who sell these luxuries to strangers at forty times their market price. We landed in the midst of them. A solid phalanx of porters confronted us on the steps of the quai, as the boat approached, resolved we should not set foot on shore until we had paid tribute to them, and yielded up our bags and rugs and trunks. There is but one way of dealing with these gentry; they respect nothing but force. You might stand till Christmas on the bow of your boat, begging them to allow you to land without rubbing against all those hideous rags and that indescribable filth. The more you pray or protest—nay, the moment you open your mouth, they are sure of their prey. Try the other way. You will not see a square inch of room on the steps for the sole of your foot, but have faith. If you have a bag in your hand all the better. Spring from the boat straight into the middle of the crowd. The surprise and the shock will carry you through the first rank, and then you are safe. Easy for them to surround you again, but they will not do it. For they have understood instantly that you are bent on having your own way, and they will not resist. But, observe, the least sign of irresolution is fatal; if there is the flutter of an eyelash, they are on you like a pack of wolves, and the lesson will have to be taught over again. The lesson to the traveler himself is invaluable. Heaven knows there is brutality and violence enough dealt out by Europeans to the poor devils of Egyptians. It is not only cruel and mean, but it is the mark of weakness and timidity in him who uses it. My experience is not long, but I believe you may get on perfectly with these fellows, have your own way always, escape annoyance, and save yourself from the shame of striking men who dare not return the blow.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

The train for Cairo was to start in an hour. The station was full with waiting passengers—among others not a few of our Guienne acquaintances, who had got down to Suez in one way or another, and now were not less anxious to get away from it. The French Empress, I hear, is not gone to Cairo, but to the wells of Moses. The Khédive has said good-by to her, and is devoting himself to the Emperor of Austria, with whom he set out for his capital this morning, or it may be in the night, for night and day are all one just now. There has been but two or three trains this morning, and as all who did not go earlier are waiting in the station to get away now, I infer that the number who succeeded in coming either by canal or rail to Suez was not large. It appeared afterward that most of those at Ismailia, despairing of getting through to the Red Sea, went direct from Ismailia to Cairo, and consoled themselves by taking possession of all the hotels in that city; persuading themselves also that when we came we should find no place to lay our heads. Among the people on the Suez platform one man was pointed out to me whom I had been curious to see—Theophile Gautier, the first of living French writers on art, or at least on pictures, and whose *Voyage en Espagne* is one of the most charming books of travel ever written. He came out with the party of special guests that left early in October, has been up the Nile, has his book on Egypt already half done, I dare say, in his portfolio. He sits under a white umbrella, completely indifferent to the uproar all about him, in face and costume at this moment more like a Turk than a Frenchman, except that he is busily writing. I hope he got comfortably to Cairo.

Kinglake remarks, in his incomparable *Eothen*, that in scenes where he ought to have been yielding to the influence of religious or historical impressions, he often found himself filled with concern about breakfast. It is that confession which has encouraged me to speak more than once in these letters on the same topic. In Suez, moreover, we seemed to be free from the obligation which weighed so upon Mr. Kinglake, for there are no traditions, so far as I know, relating to the railway station in which we stood at that moment. We were free to confess that we were hungry, but we were not free, unhappily, to go in search of breakfast, since the train might start at any moment. We were at the mercy of those who were entreating us to buy those products of Suez I have before mentioned. In our despair, we drew lots to see who should first taste the bread and sweet-cakes, and as our victim pronounced against them we fell back on the green oranges. Of the least green, the least rascally Arab asked us sixpence for two. We ended by paying him twopence for six, which was several times their true price. At the Ismailia Junction, two hours later, we were able to buy pale ale at two shillings the bottle, which in London costs sixpence, and for another shilling a little biscuit and dry cheese.

THE DESERT BY RAILROAD.

The train arrived a little before noon. Instead of coming to our station, it stopped near the quai, and we were invited to seek it there. In expectation of some such move, we had kept our porters with us, by the simple expedient of refusing to pay them till the luggage was put on board the train, and now we found ourselves with a great advantage over travelers who had waited thrice as long as we, and had no porters. The truth is, we did not believe there would be room in the train for all, hence our hurry to get places. In the end, everybody found a seat, and in less than an hour from our landing we were off for Cairo in a second-class carriage; the railway company, like everybody else, supplying the Viceroy with second-class wares at first-class prices. But I dare say they gave us all the first class they had, for two trains with royal guests had gone ahead of us.

There were still a dozen ships in the canal, by the side of which the railway runs. We pitied them, just as the people who arrived yesterday pitied us. Formerly there was a railway in a nearly direct line from Suez to Cairo, but it has been abandoned since the system was completed which unites Cairo, Alexandria, and Ismailia by the junction at Zagazig. The rails of the old road have not been taken up, but it is not used because it does not pay expenses. So that, instead of a gaining of perhaps 80 miles, we have to perform a circuit. It is worse than taking the two sides of a triangle, for we have to pass over three sides of a square, 150 miles or more in all, and are eight hours in doing it. The desert lay about us until after we had passed Ismailia. The wind was blowing strongly, and just beyond Suez raised a perpendicular column of dust high in the air; a familiar thing in the desert, but new to us. A railway is the last point of view one would choose from which to see and feel the desert; the rattle of carriages and scream of the engine dispel the impression; yet we were not far out of Suez when our eyes chanced to fall on a spot which somehow conveyed to us with force the sense of the desolateness of the desert. The bones of a camel lay in a white heap on the tawny sand.

CAIRO HACKMEN AND HOTELS.

It was half-past eight when we reached Cairo. No one of us knew what we were to do or where we were to go in that city. The hotels, I had been told, were all taken up by the Khedive for his guests. We looked to find at the railway station some agent or officer to govern our movements, as they had been governed in a way completely mysterious to us when we were transferred from the Guienne to the Peluse. There may have been such a person, but his guiding hand did not reach to us. When we had found our luggage, we drifted out on the platform next the street. If the boatmen at Alexandria were eager, and the porters at Suez a pest, they were patient and polite by the side of the donkey-boys of Cairo. At first there were no carriages, and I wandered off a little way in search of one. In a moment a fellow all in white came swooping and whooping down upon me, crying "Carriage, Shepherd's Hotel. Four rupee-a, four rupee-a." The New York hackmen, accomplished swindlers as they are, must come to Cairo to learn their trade. He asked four times his fare, but we might have to drive all over the city for a hotel, though Shepherd's was only half a mile, and I seized on the carriage. The driver demanded his four rupees—that is, 50 piastres, or $2.50—in advance. I told him to put the baggage on. He refused, with his frantic scream of "four rupee-a, four rupee-a." There was no time to waste words. I put my trunk on the box in place of the driver, took the reins and whip, and started. It was just as it was at Suez and Ismailia. The moment he found I was resolute to go, he yielded, scrambled up again none the worse for his tumble, and drove at a tremendous pace to Shepherd's. Shepherd was full, but civil. How many hotels have you in New York whose manager would come out on the sidewalk with you to direct your driver to another inn? We found the driver trying to get R—— and the luggage out of his carriage, but R—— was immovable, the trunks went up again, and we drove to the Hotel Auric, a new house, and had the luck to get the last vacant room. In five minutes more came a dozen of our fellow travelers, only to be turned away, and two hours later an acquaintance of mine arrived who had been to twelve hotels in vain. Once more my driver wanted his "four ruppee-a," mad with haste to get back to the station and rob somebody else. He had to wait till our room was ready, and then he had to take up the luggage. Then at last he got the four rupees, failing altogether in an attempt to persuade me that four rupees were twenty francs, instead of ten.

It was half-past nine. We had to dine, dress, and go to the ball. They were just serving their third or fourth dinner for that evening, and, for the first time, as it seemed to us, we found in the Hotel Auric a man who was not plundering the Khédive and starving his guests. Pardon a man who has breakfasted on three green oranges if he stops to observe that his dinner at ten in the evening was good and well served. Even the wine was good, though it may not have been Chateau Lafite, as the label affirmed, and there was Cliquot champagne for anybody who liked it, as well there might be at sixty-five francs a day.

When we had dressed and started for the ball—on donkeys this time, for there was no longer a carriage—we found time to observe that Cairo was brilliantly illuminated. We passed under an arch of flame erected by the French to their Empress, the palace of Nubar Pasha on the right was covered with colored lamps, and late as it was, our long road to the Khédive's palace was lined with hanging lanterns, with superb great black fellows holding torches of blazing resinous brands, with many a house, and garden, and palace that were light as day.

THE BALL IN HONOR OF AUSTRIA.

The ball was given in a palace of which I have forgotten the name, two miles or less from the Esbekiyeh, the central square of Cairo. We reached it not long after midnight, but the Khédive keeps early hours. He had come and gone, and with him the Emperor of Austria. It had already the air of a ball that was fading. The court-yard was a dense mass of carriages, ladies were shawling in the vestibule; evidently the very great ladies who did not care to stay after the kings were gone. You will need no description of the ball. It was as much like that of Ismailia as that of Ismailia was like any other ball in London or New York. Anything like local color, anything Oriental, was sadly wanting. There were Arabs and Turks in their proper costume, melancholy and sleepy; almost nothing else to distinguish it from what you have seen in the Academy of Music. Even the Palace was like other palaces, and of the dozen rooms open to us only one was fitted in Eastern style, ornamented with delicate Arabesque and colored tracery, and furnished simply with silken divans. I met many an acquaintance whom I had not seen since Port Said. We chatted comfortably over our five days' varied experiences; we saw polkas and waltzes, and how they scandalized the Turks. The American party was no larger here than elsewhere. Gen. Banks reappeared in his uniform, and Mr. Hale in his black coat, as that marvellous act of Congress duly prescribes. I don't think there were a dozen Americans in all. We were told in Ismailia this was to be the most splendid festival of all, and one American lady saved her finest gown for this ball expressly; who, alas! could not come. It may be the Empress's going to the Wells of Moses that has done the mischief. At all events, this is given not to her, but to the Emperor of Austria, and is the last of the balls. I am more than content to get back to my hotel at 3 o'clock, after a day of 22 hours, and to know that there is nothing I need go to see to-morrow.—*Tribune Correspondence.*

HOW GOETHE LOOKED.—Twenty-seven years ago I thus described him: "In Goethe I beheld an elderly man of terrific dignity; a penetrating and insupportable eye,—'the eye, like Jove, to threaten or command,'—a somewhat aquiline nose, and most expressive lips, which, when closed, seemed to be making an effort to move, as if they could with difficulty keep their hidden treasures from bursting forth. His step was firm, ennobling an otherwise too corpulent body; there was ease in his gestures, and he had a free and enkindled air." Now I beheld the same eye, indeed, but the eyebrows were become thin, the cheeks were furrowed, the lips no longer curled with fearful compression, and the lofty, erect posture had sunk to a gentle stoop. *Then* he never honored me with a look after the first haughty bow, *now* he was all courtesy. "Well, you are come at last," he said; "we have waited years for you."—"*Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary.*"

REGENERATING INFLUENCE OF SORROW.

And this too I myself have learned of man!
When sorrow lays on him her wintry hand,
Man takes the semblance of a chrysalis,
He shrinks and quivers at the slightest touch,
And hovers, through long moons, in still suspense;
And only a thin thread attaches him
To earthly life! But lo! at length his grief
Has grown by slow degrees a coat of mail,
Fast woven round him, and so cased about,
He nourishes and fashions to himself
From the materials of his earlier state,
Of all their earthly grossness purified,
His silently transfigured soul, renews
His youth and ripens toward a higher nature,
And soars, with pinions never known before,
A fair new creature, into a new world.
—*Leopold Schefer—Layman's Breviary.*

HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A LONG-VEXED question—one which astronomers and physicists have labored and puzzled and even quarrelled over for two centuries at least—has at length been set at rest. Whether the Moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a mooted point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now, there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long out-reaching arms, the spiral nebulæ with mystic convolutions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulæ, all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass well poised;—indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse Telescope, its tube—fifty feet in length—down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescopes's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many difficulties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labor thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measure, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behaviour of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse has been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual down-pour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun.

There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is *radiated* from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of *reflecting* heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected towards his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and cannot happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show us by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates towards us.

We do not mention this point from any desire to cavil at the results of one of the most interesting experiments which has recently been carried out. But the recent researches of Zöllner upon the light from the planets, have shown how largely the surfaces of the celestial bodies differ as respects their capacity for reflecting and absorbing light, and there is every reason to infer that similar peculiarities characterize the planets' power of absorbing and reflecting heat. The whole question of the heat to which the moon's surface is actually raised by the sun's heat depends upon the nature of that surface, and the proportion between its power of absorbing heat or reflecting it away into space.—*London Spectator.*

LITERARY WOMEN AND PUBLIC MEN.—Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister by invitation. With them was Stuart Rose, a deaf and rheumatic man, who looks prematurely old. He talks low, so I should not have guessed him to be a man of note. Rogers was very civil to me. He is famous for being a good talker. I can record nothing, perhaps, that deserves notice; but still his conversation was pleasant to recollect. His most solid remark was on literary women. How strange it is, that while we men are modestly content to amuse by our writings, women must be didactic! Miss Baillie writes plays to illustrate the passions, Miss Martineau teaches political economy by tales, Mrs. Marcet sets up for a general instructor, not only in her dialogues but in fairy stories, and Miss Edgeworth is a schoolmistress in her tales. We talked chiefly of literary and public men. Rogers praised Lord Liverpool for his liberality, which he learned in life, of Canning and Huskisson. When young, he was the butt of his companions. At Christ's College, Cambridge, there being a party at some gownsman's (I believe Canning), he broke in, "I am come to take tea with you."—"No, you are going to the pump!" And the threat was carried out. Yet he who suffered such indignity became Prime Minister.—From "*Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary.*"

FORWARD.

Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

In what land the sun does visit,
Brisk are we whate'er betide;
To give space for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.

GOETHE.

EQUINE SAGACITY.—There is a horse at the Government corral at this place noted for loosening the knot of the halter-strap with which he is tied. It is useless to tie him with any ordinary knot. He will work the strap-loose with his teeth and go about the corral just when he chooses. There is a well in the yard from which all the Government stock are watered. Day before yesterday the pump—a force-pump, worked by brakes—got out of order, and no water could be obtained. The animals were taken to the creek close by for water. The horse referred to refused to drink, was taken to his stall and tied as usual. In a few minutes he deliberately untied his halter, walked over to the pump, and finding no water in the trough where he was accustomed to drink, at once seized the brake with his teeth and worked it up and down several times, then put his nose to the spout, evidently expecting water to come. Again and again for nearly five minutes, did he seize the brake and work it and then put his nose to the spout. Finding his efforts useless he walked off, evidently disappointed. Several of the hands at the corral and others witnessed the above, and can testify to its correctness.—*Austin Texas Republican.*

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things. And they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy.

Now, look at the matter in this light. Take the speech of any man for any given day. For once that he wilfully gives a wrong color (with an eye to his own interests) to anything which he states or narrates, he mistakes, or misdescribes twenty times, on account of his inability to tell anything accurately.

Besides, there is this important result from a habit of accuracy, that it produces truthfulness, even on those occasions where a man would be tempted to be untruthful. He gradually gets to love accuracy more even than his own interests: at last he has a passion for accuracy.

ARTHUR HELPS.

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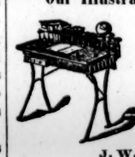

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VOL. XXX. PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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